Watson's Magazine

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"FATHER HENRY AND HIS LADY FRIENDS."

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THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

Vol. XXII APRIL, 1916 No. 6

The Sheppard Proposed Amendment to the Constitution of the United States

IN the Houston, Texas, *Post*, the Hon. W. B. Page writes a series of articles, to expose the revolutionary character of the Constitutional Amendment which the extremists of the Prohibition Party advocate.

At this time, when there is such tendency to make national changes, *regardless of the fundamental principles upon which "The Fathers" established our Government*, it is well to continually keep those principles before the public, so that the humblest citizen may understand what his rights are, and how much the Government proposes to cut them down.

Mr. Page writes clearly and tersely on this vital subject, and I re-produce one of his letters to the *Post* in full:

In view of the pending campaign a matter of cardinal interests is a review of the safeguards which the Bill of Rights throws around the liberty of every citizen and the sovereign power of every State. The exigencies of newspaper space constrain me to a bare outline of the fundamental principles.

BILL OF RIGHTS.

1. The Right of Free Speech, a Free Press, Free Religion.

2. The Right to arm and to bear arms.

3. The Right of a home against Military occupancy.

4. The Right of citizens against Search and Seizure of person, papers and effects.

5. The Right of trial only once for same offense and security against loss of life, liberty or property except by due process of law.

6. The Right of trial by jury and in district where offense committed.

7. The Right of trial by jury in all civil actions the sum exceeding twenty dollars.

8. The Right of reasonable bail and protection against excessive punishment.

9. All rights not expressly enumerated as part of Federal Constitution belong to the people and the State.

10. Rights named as part of Federal Constitution shall not be construed to disparage or deny those retained by the people.

Above we present the great charter of popular government, the staunch, sturdy shield and buckler of the liberty of the citizen and the rights of the State.

These ten cardinal axioms form the basic bedrock, the granite buttress and the crowning capstone of the structure which guards and shields all of government which is precious to the individual citizen and the sovereign States. It is the organic "Ark of the Covenant," the Holy of Holies which should be defended with religious zeal because therein are stored the priceless jewel of individual liberty and other consecrated treasures which the alien touch of the Sheppard amendment should not be permitted to profane. It was the same Bill of Rights the absence of which came dan-

gerously near to defeating the organization of a stable government in 1788.

A convention of the thirteen original States had been called to meet in Philadelphia not to frame a constitution but to revise and amend the Articles of Confederation under which the thirteen colonies had won their independence. Fifty-five delegates attended. Party spirit and strife were rampant even so early as then. A majority of the delegates had strong Federalistic leanings and were outspoken for a form of government central and consolidated. The spirit of Hamilton, Franklin and Adams pervaded the assembly. George Washington, the chairman, was himself a Federalist as was John Marshall. New England was then in great force.

The convention decided to draft a new constitution and realized that there would follow a great struggle to secure its adoption by the States. The Bill of Rights was threshed over and fought out on the floor of the Philadelphia convention and because of a predominance of Federalism was not incorporated in the first draft of the Federal constitution. Federalists did not want any recognition of the rights of the States or of individuals. A strong central government is what they wanted. To make the Bill of Rights a part of the constitution would mar the unity and harmony of their form of government. Having submitted the constitution to ratification by a convention of each one of the States the Philadelphia convenion adjourned.

The constitution was to go into effect after ratification by nine of the States. There was so little effective co-operation and so much discord and disorganization under the Articles of Confederation that most of the States were prompt in ratifying the constitution regardless of the Bill of Rights. It ran afoul of a snag, however, when it came up for ratification before the Virginia convention.

* * *

This convention was a remarkable body of men, the peer of which has not met in this country before or since. The convention was composed of men distinguished for learning, for oratory and for statesmanship. Such advocates of the rights of the plain people as George Mason were there. He, whom Byron called the "Forest Born Demosthenes" was there and with flame tipped tongue and in a vein of fiery invective warned the people and the delegates of the dangers to their liberty in the adoption of the Federal constitution. Richard Henry Lee was there, the man who, instead of Jefferson, moved the Declaration of Independence on the Fourth of July, 1776. All these and many more fought the adoption of the Federal constitution for the reason that it failed to embody the safeguards of the Bill of Rights.

The scene was an inspiring one, the staging classic and historic, it being the hall of old St. John's whose walls might have yet been echoing the immortal words of Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty or give me death." It was an intellectual banquet to those who witnessed it. It was a combat of great souls and masterly minds in a discussion of two theories of government. Those for ratification favored a strong central government. Those opposing ratification favored a form of government which safeguarded the rights of the people and the rights of the State. The struggle lasted for days and though the constitution was ratified by a niggardly majority, it was not until one condition was accepted and the pledge given that the Bill of Rights should be incorporated in the Federal constitution. On the assembling of the first congress under the constitution this pledge was redeemed and in this manner it was that the Bill of Rights, the first ten amendments, was incorporated in the Federal constitution.

It is this same Bill of Rights which has guarded and shielded the rights of the States and the liberties of the common people for all these years. And it is this same Bill of Rights which obstructs and blocks the Sheppard-Hobson junta in their assaults on the State governments.

* * *

Did the people ever stop to inquire how many amendments had been offered in congress to reduce the powers of the Federal government and increase the powers of the States? We challenge any one to name such amendments and who offered them; they can't be named.

On the contrary amendments like that of Senator Sheppard all favor cutting down powers of the States and the people and adding it to the Federal government. Let the people beware of how they part with power and rights now in their keeping. The people can't vote against amendments to the Federal constitution, but they can vote against any candidate for the United States senate who favors an amendment like the Sheppard amendment. And tney can vote against any candidate for the State senate or house who favors ratifying the Sheppard amendment.

Any member of congress or candidate for congress or United States senator who votes for the Sheppard amendment votes for destroying his State government and State courts and substituting therefor Federal government and Federal courts. You can't make any other construction of it.

Senator Sheppard and that little ecclesiastical cabal sitting squat at his ear know that the purport and purpose of the Sheppard amendment is to knock out the State courts in enforcing this prohibition law

and to substitute the Federal courts in enforcing such law. Senator Sheppard and those in the secret know what a reign of terror prevails wherever Federal courts exercise criminal powers. Senator Sheppard and his little group know that their sovereign aim and end is to mobilize Uncle Sam's big stick in the enforcement of the prohibition law. Senator Sheppard and his clerical clique know that if a United States marshal from some Federal court center serves a writ on some trembling violator of the Sheppard national prohibition law down at Brownsville to appear and plead guilty at the next term of court at Tyler, he will be there if he has to walk a thousand miles.

And so it runs. Out and down with State courts. Up and still up and more of it with Federal courts. Such is the Sheppard amendment.

* * *

No democrat, no friend of the people, no friend of State government, can consistently favor Federal courts or broadening their powers and jurisdiction.

We have witnessed two extraordinary proceedings, one civil and one criminal by Federal courts. One was the action of the Federal court in attaching the homes and the savings of the workmen in the Danbury hat case. From which it appears that these Federal courts possess already in civil cases the power to override State courts.

And still there are those like Senator Sheppard who are not satisfied with the great reach of power of the Federal courts and are ambitious to clothe them with still higher power and wider jurisdiction.

The Tom Watson case is still on the boards. The Georgia delegation in congress protested against the action of the Federal courts in seeking to indict Tom Watson in some district of some State in which Tom Watson had never lived or perhaps never seen. Such proceeding seems to be in plain violation of two of the safeguards of the Bill of Rights.

Now the Georgia delegation had hoped that they had scotched the program of the attorney general. On the twenty-first instant the attorney general at Washington wrote the district attorney of the Federal district in Georgia that criminal proceedings would be instituted against Tow Watson outside of Georgia and regardless of where he lived.

When Grant was president the same issue was made. Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York Sun, indulged in scathing criticism of Grant and his administration. Grant was restive under Dana's incisive pen and laid the facts before a Federal grand jury in Washington. Under prodding from this source the Federal grand jury indicted Dana for criminal libel. Dana's home was in New York and Grant knew that if Dana was tried in his home town he would be acquitted. Therefore he sought to have him tried in Washington and he was arrested to that end. Under safeguard six of the Bill of Rights Grant's program of railroading Dana to prison and punishment was defeated and Dana was not carried to Washington.

The Sheppard amendment reads as follows:

JOINT RESOLUTION.

For submission of a Constitutional amendment for prohibition to the consideration of the States.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled (two thirds of each house concurring therein), That the following amendment to the Constitution be, and hereby is, proposed to the States, to become valid as a part of the Constitution when ratified by the legislatures of the several States as provided by the Constitution:

"ARTICLE——

"Section 1.—That the sale, **manufacture for sale,** transportation for sale, **importation** for sale, of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes in the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof, and exportation for sale thereof, are forever prohibited.

"Sec. 2.—That the **Congress** or the **States shall have power independently** or concurently **to enforce this article by all needful legislation."**

When in 1908, I was privately approached by national Prohibition leaders who proposed an alliance with the Populists, with myself as candidate for President, I declined to consider the offer, because, even then, the Prohibitionists had formulated the above, as one of the platform demands!

I told them that such legislation was too extreme and too dangerous; and that it would be a revolutionary encroachment upon State rights, and personal liberty, to say nothing of other objections.

Any man who pretends to believe that the Bible is the word of God, and who knows the frequency with which wine is approved of in the Old Testament, and also how Christ's first mir-

acle produced wine for beverage purposes, places himself in a most indefensible position, when he seeks to penalize, *altogether*, the making and the use of intoxicating liquors, no matter how *privately* used, no matter how *moderately* used, and no matter how *beneficially* used.

If the wine of the Old Testament had not been the real thing, Noah and Lot wouldn't have got so drunk on it; and if the wine of the New Testament had not been beneficial when temperately used, Christ would not have supplied the wedding guests with it, nor would he and his Disciples have been drinking it, the last time they were together on earth.

Heavens above! Think of the fantastic proposition that would so amend the Constitution, made by Washington, Madison, Hamilton, Rutledge, Franklin and Randolph, *as to leave those illustrious statesmen stigmatized as social lepers*: they had wine on their tables every day!

Is Senator Sheppard a purer, better, wiser man than George Washington? Doesn't he know that Thomas Jefferson imported French wines for his own use, and set them before his guests at dinner?

Was the mode of life of Daniel Webster and Henry Clay and Andrew Jackson a menace to morals?

Doesn't Mr. Sheppard know that Abraham Lincoln loved a dram as well as Clay, Jackson and Webster?

General Sherman, General Grant, General Sheridan were moderate drinkers, and so were Beauregard and Johnston and Forrest.

Bismarck, the greatest empire-builder since Napoleon, was a constant drinker of beer, as nearly all Germans are; and, up to now, the Germans haven't shown any national decadence on account of beer.

All Frenchmen drink wine and, as yet, the French soldiers seem to be giving a mighty good account of themselves.

Gladstone and D'Israeli both drank wine, and so did Pitt and Fox and Sheridan: has England ever produced abler men?

Napoleon used wine with great moderation, but Wellington temperately used both wine and whiskey, while Blucher got as drunk as a fiddler's feminine canine, quite often; yet he came up in time to give Napoleon the knockout blow at Waterloo.

We should try to look at all these reform matters broadly, charitably, and sensibly. Too often, the reformer is actuated by the spirit of "*I don't*", and "You *shant*."

The temptation to nag and annoy the other fellow, because his ways are not ours, is very strong. We want our neighbor to agree with us, and to say and do what we say and do. We may not walk the chalk ourselves, but we want *him* to do it.

Our code of morals is often severe—for the other fellow. Our ideals and standards are very high—for somebody else.

If half the energy spent on the drink question, were applied to the eat question, *those who are hungry would drink less.*

Instead of drink causing poverty, vice, and crime, it is too often the other way: poverty drags down girls, young women, desperate wives, and despairing youths and men in the cesspools of the underworld.

A system of society which *legislates millions of people into poverty*, vesting the privileged rich with the irresistible power to rob the poor, by high prices and low wages, begins at the wrong end, when it deals with *effects* and not with the *causes*. Let the diabolical Money and Monopoly system remain, as the Privileged have made it, and all the angels in Heaven cannot prevent the consequences.

Poverty causes drink, oftener than drink causes poverty.

Do we want to put the State under the feet of the Federal Government?

In order that the U. S. House of Representatives should always be based *on population*, just as the Senate is

based on *the States*, the Constitution directs that *a census of the people* be taken every ten years.

For a hundred years, the Federal Government honored the intention of the Constitution, and simply sent out men *to count the people.*

Less than 20 years ago, the Federal Government departed from the Constitution, made the Census officials permanent; and, as these had nothing else to do, put them to counting hogs, cows, &c., and publishing vast quantities of statistical stuff which nobody reads—excepting the printers who are paid to read it.

The cotton gamblers, and the Manufacturers' Trust saw the advantage to themselves of having a census taken at all the gins, so that the men who get rich off the growers would know just how many bales of cotton there were, and would know exactly how to fleece the farmer.

To serve the spinners and speculators, every ginner is required to fill out a report, *of his private business*, and to give, *without pay*, a certain amount of his time and work.

Thus, his personal liberty is violated, his private affairs subjected to offensive espionage, not to serve any public purpose, but merely to furnish the gamblers an inside view of the cotton situation.

It is a shame; and it is a violation of the Constitution; yet Congress extends and strengthens that illegal system at nearly every session.

Consider the Cattle-tick law! Could anything be more illegal, than to compel the citizen to drop his work, and to drive his cattle out of his own enclosure, to be dipped in some doubtful and distant vat, at so much per dip?

Neither the State nor the Federal Government has the legal right to force you to go anywhere, for any purpose, *excepting* as laid down in the Constitution itself, and the laws made in accordance therewith.

Your house can be quarantined to prevent the spread of contagious disease: it may even be destroyed, if in a city, to prevent the spread of fire; your cattle can be quarantined in your pasture, or killed, elsewhere, if affected by contagious and fatal ailment—a glandered horse, for example—but you must be *paid*, in all such cases.

The Government has no right whatever to order your cattle driven to town, any more than it has to require you to fetch in your house, and have it sprayed with carbolic.

Brother Reformer, you make a terrible mistake when you pull down gaps in our personal liberty laws, for the sake of having more cows and less ticks.

All the cows in America are not worth one article in the Bill of Rights.

Besides, any man who isn't excited by his fad knows, that there are simple remedies which will get rid of the ticks; and if the owner of the cow doesn't wish to use these remedies, that's *his* business, and not *yours.*

I may not approve the frying pan as a cooking utensil—in fact, I don't—but if my neighbor chooses to cook his meat that way, it's *his* digestive apparatus that he's monkeying with, not mine.

With the possible exception of those warring nations in Europe—each of whom vows that it is fighting for existence and has God on its side—I think our Prohibition friends are the maddest.

They, also, are demanding that the Federal Government trespass farther upon State affairs, and to practically *abolish the State courts*, where liquor is concerned.

Already, we have the Harrison Narcotic Drug law, carrying the Federal Courts to every drug store, and to the home of every physician.

I heard Judge Lambdin, in Augusta, sentence a wretched wreck of a Chinaman, upon whom some enemy had informed; and who, if I did not misunderstand the District Attorney, had merely bought a small amount of opium, *for his own use.*

When we remember that the marvellous poet, Coleridge, ate opium all his life; and that the wonderful essayist,

Thomas de Quincey, took laudanum and opium all *his* life, it is difficult to consider the Harrison law as anything better than sheer fanaticism.

God only knows how many suicides have been caused by it; but everybody ought to see how it tramples upon State rights and personal liberty.

If I am in pain, or in trouble, and want to take opium, what business of the Government is it?

If I want to sell it to somebody else, that's different.

When I was at Mercer University, an agonizing tooth-ache nearly drove me wild; and when my good friend, Dr. Worsham, reached my room, he immediately gave me laudanum. In a minute, the pain was no longer felt, and next morning I was all right.

That was in 1874, and I have never taken laudanum since, but *would*, if I needed it as badly as then.

The proposed amendment to the U. S. Constitution, offered by Senator Sheppard, of Texas, *is by far the most dangerous menace to personal liberty and to State rights that has ever been introduced into Congress.*

In the supposed interest of Prohibition, this amendment would give the Federal courts jurisdiction of all cases of alleged violations of the most drastic liquor laws.

If the Sheppard amendment should be adopted, there isn't a doctor, or a druggist, or a grocer, or a restaurant-keeper who would not be placed at the mercy of his enemies.

On a trumped-up charge of violating the Harrison act, or the Bosh Felder-Eichelberger acts, *and similar inquisitorial measures*, the citizen is subject to have his shop, his store, his pantry, his cellar, and even his private bed-room ransacked by officers, searching for beer, and whiskey, and narcotic drugs.

Under the laws which Eichelberger helped to put over on Alabama, *the very beds, bureaux, private closets, and trunks of citizens* were lawlessly overhauled, and searched, in the effort to get a case on some suspected person.

The Jeffersonian is perhaps the only non-church paper in the South that *never took a whiskey ad.*

For the same reasons, it refused to take Coca-Cola ads.

I honestly regard Coca-Cola as worse than light beer; for the simple reason that Coca-Cola leads to the moral and physical breakdown of those who become its victims.

Besides, I regard the beer habit as being easier to throw off, than the Coca-Cola habit.

Again, there are tens of thousands of young women and young men who would be ashamed to enter a saloon and drink a bottle of beer, but who are not ashamed to enter the soft drink establishment, and dope themselves on Coca-Cola.

Yet, such men as Senator Sheppard, Bosh Felder, and the new-comer in Israel, Eichelberger, *never dare to utter a word against Coca-Cola. WHY NOT?*

It is proposed to virtually *blot out the States, intern the State courts, and erect a despotism of the Federal Government IN MATTERS OF PURELY LOCAL POLICE.*

The Constitution does not give the Federal Government any police power, at all.

A Government of delegated powers, may be ever so supreme within the powers delegated; but police power belongs to the sovereign States, *each of whom would be complete as a Government*, even if the Federal Constitution were abolished and the Federal machinery scrap-heaped.

Legally speaking, *the Union* could not exist a day without the States, whereas, *the States are in no sense dependent for their sovereign existence upon the Union.*

But if such men as Senator Sheppard—who represents the most radical Prohibition sentiment—are allowed to go on, and on, we will soon have no sovereign States.

The Federal Government will be *The State*, and the so-called states will be *provinces* of a centralized Empire.

Create such an Empire, and the Emperor will come, next.

See how rapidly the independent

German Kingdoms became mere footstools to the Kaiser, after Prussian militarism reached full development.

Austria is practically absorbed in the German imperial system; and the next figure-head Austrian emperor *will be as much a subject of the German Kaiser, as the King of Bavaria is now.*

Do not *the thinkers* among the Prohibitionists realize *the revolutionary nature* of such proposed amendments to the Constitution, as that of Senator Sheppard?

Are they willing to see the Federal courts take jurisdiction of strictly State matters?

Are they prepared to tell the world that they have no confidence in State governments?

Do they wish to be understood as entertaining a supreme contempt for State rights, and local self-government?

In short, are they determined to revolutionize the system of government, which our forefathers won on the battlefields of seven years, and consecrated with their blood?

The imperialists, most of whom are law-made millionaires, or military men, or Munitions men, or too-extreme Reformers, have already put the Federal Government in charge of our health, our food, our medicines, our gins, our afflicted hogs, and our tick-laden cows.

The Italian pope, through his Congressional Knights of Columbus, is demanding that the Federal Government abolish that part of the Constitution which declares that the freedom of the press shall not be *abridged.*

The Preparedness people want the Constiution abolished, so far as it gives the States the exclusive control of the State troops, until after the Governor has honored the President's requisition, and sent the troops into the field of action.

But, worst of all, the Prohibitionists are clamoring for another breach in the Constitution, *which means the death of State rights*, and the utter ruin of thousands of citizens, dragged into the U. S. Courts, *and perhaps into other States*, to answer charges for violation of fanatical laws, such as forbids a doctor to have more than a quart of whiskey in his house.

Espionage, in its most exasperating form!

THE HOME DESECRATED, BY SPIES, working for revenge, or for a reward.

Wives and daughters subjected to humiliation and insult, by insolent detectives and deputies!

The prospect is not pleasant, *nor promotive of TEMPERANCE.*

Those who preach Temperance, should practise it.

Violent measures never make peaceful conditions.

If a lot of railroad lobbyists had wanted to render prohibition *odius*, and to *divert attention from railroad schemes and manipulations*, they couldn't have adopted a shrewder policy, than that embodied in the Sheppard amendment, and similar lunacies.

The only secret society I ever joined, was the Sons of Temperance; the first public speech I ever made after leaving school, was for Temperance; I wrote the first anti-barroom plank that was ever put in the political platform of a Southern State; I led the debate for the Local Option law (in the Legislature of 1882) which *ran the saloons out of every rural community in Georgia;* I have made, without fee or reward of any kind, ten times more speeches against the saloon than Bryan, Sheppard, Bosh Felder, or Eichelberger ever made: and I never in all my life accepted, directly or indirectly, one cent for my work in furtherance of *Temperance.*

But it is because I *am* in favor of *temperance*, that I cannot endorse violent laws which *desecrate the private dwelling*, trample upon personal liberty, create spies upon personal habits, *and revolutionize our system of government.*

The European War Up to Date.

Were the Germans Created for the Hohenzollern Family?

Were the Hungarians, Croats, Bohemians, Czechs, and Austro-Germans Created for the Hapsburg Family?

IN the Middle Ages, the Masons were the builders; and the Masonic artisans erected those wonderful cathedrals, castles, palaces, town-halls, and municipal mansions which today excite the admiration of tourists.

After the Italian popes turned against the Masons, fulminated satanic curses against them, classed them with atheists, and began to murder them with Inquisition tortures, not a single Romanist cathedral was built that could compare with those the Masons had reared.

The enduring structures of Europe, are those the Masons erected, such as the Vatican, the Barberini, the Pitti, the Medicean, the Orsini, the Borghese, the Colonna, the Chambord, the Chantilly, and the Blois palaces; and such cathedrals as the Rheims, Notre Dame, Milan, St. Peter's, Strasburg and Cologne.

The Masons built, in those days, as the craft had done for Egypt, Greece and Rome.

In this way, it happens that there still stands in a certain city of the Germans, the mansion which was the home of the Hohenzollerns at the time the prosperous, ambitious head of "the House" *bought the title of Margrave of Brandenburg.*

Before this bargain and sale, the Hohenzollerns had been burgesses, not of the nobility, and not ordained of God or the pope to use all Germans as their private property.

The Hohenzollerns continued to be Margraves of Brandenburg for generations and then a forceful, war-like Marquis advanced a grade, and became Elector. After that, came the Grand Elector who may justly be considered the founder of the imperial fortunes of his family.

Following him came the Elector who bargained with the Austrian house, the Hapsburgs, which at that time, and by the grace of the Italian pope, ruled the various States of Germany. The Elector of Brandenburg bought from his majesty the Emperor, the title of *King of Prussia*, for by this time the martial Electors had vastly enlarged their marquisate of Brandenburg, by making war upon weaker neighbors.

These Hohenzollerns were *the original militarists of the world*, since their consistent policy from the very beginning was, to make a soldier out of every male citizen, and to keep a standing army, rigorously drilled and disciplined, and ready to pounce upon an unprepared, unsuspecting neighbor, at any time the Hohenzollerns saw a chance to expand the dominions of the family.

The father and grandfather of Frederick the Great, were almost monomaniacs on militarism and "preparedness"; and they created a soldier

nation, a national military training camp, ready on the instant to attack or defend.

Thus when Frederick came to the Prussian throne, while still a young man, he found himself armed and equipped with the most formidable war-machine in Europe.

England had no standing army to speak of, and France had none: Spain had bled herself white in the cause of Roman Catholicism, and was decadent; Russia was as yet barbaric, expanding Eastward; and "the Holy Roman Empire" of the Emperor of Germany was a loose-jointed affair, with no racial cohesion and no powerful standing army.

Coincident with Frederick's becoming King of Prussia, the Holy Roman Empire was left to a Hapsburg lady of tender years, known to history as Maria Theresa.

Frederick saw a splendid Hohenzollern opportunity, and, like a true Hohenzollern, he seized it, and declared war upon the lady, invading her unprepared and unsuspecting country with the overwhelming army which he had interited from his fathers.

That his invasion made "a scrap of paper" of a treaty solemnly executed by his fathers, troubled his Hohenzollern conscience not at all.

Would you like to know his motive for making war upon the Austrian girl?

Let me quote his own words as written in his Memoirs, when he had become old, as well as Great, and could safely afford to tell the truth. Hohenzollern truths have become so scarce, here of late, that this ancient one may revive our hopes. Who knows? The reigning Hohenzollern may write *his Memoirs* some day, and tell the truth as to his motive in plunging the world into an Armageddon—wherein twelve Christian nations are showing the beauties of Love and Brotherhood, with the Turks drawn in to give variety to the butchery.

The motive of Frederick the Great for his attack upon the young Empress is thus stated by himself:

"Ambition, *interest, the desire of making people talk about ME*, carried the day, and I decided for war."

(See Macaulay's Essay on Frederick, p. 28.)

Self-interest; that is the interest of the Hohenzollern family, as rivals to the Hapsburghs, the Bourbons, and other families whom the popes had oiled and crowned to rule over the unoiled and un-crowned millions of Europe.

"*The desire of making people talk about ME!*"

Vanity, conceit, egotism, cooly given as the reasons for plunging Europe into *a Seven Years War*, in which countless thousands of innocent homes were desolated, billions of property destroyed, and tens of thousands of human lives sacrificed.

To gain what, *for the Prussians?* Nothing, but the waste of treasure and blood.

To gain what, *for the Hohenzollerns?* An expansion of their power and territory, in the acquisition of Silesia, torn from the young Empress.

By the irony of fate, it was England that saved Frederick from being overwhelmed by the combined forces of Austria, Russia, and France. Without England's aid, Frederick would have been crushed *and Prussian militarism cast out among the devils of hell, where it belongs.*

However, the Tories of England, led by Pitt, were more afraid of the Bourbons, than of the Hohenzollerns; and it never entered their heads that Prussian militarism, once encouraged by phenomenal success, would never stop of its own accord.

So, when Napoleon wanted to safeguard France forever from the growing menace across the Rhine, the Tories of England stood immovably behind the German dynasties, supporting them hundreds of millions of treasure, and with the best armies that England ever sent into the field.

After Waterloo, Prussian militarism rose into an Easter of new life, creat-

ing a nation of soldiers, vast arsenals, and an imperial military camp.

England saw no danger. When Prussia sprang upon unprepared and unsuspecting Denmark, and wrenched away the Duchies, the statesmen of Britain were cordially acquiescent.

Looking back from our present point of view, we are amazed that Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Mr. Gladstone, and Lord Beaconsfield, saw nothing ominous in the rapid growth of the Prussian military system, and its revealed ambition, its contempt for treaties, and its readiness to turn upon an ally, after that ally had helped to advance Hohenzollern ambition.

These English statesmen saw Prussia use Austria in the rape of the Duchies; and then saw the Hohenzollerns cheat the Hapsburgs out of their share of the spoil; yet these Englishmen remained complacently, smugly, stupidly unsuspicious.

Later, came the forged telegram of Bismarck, the sudden spring at unprepared France, and the tearing away of the historic provinces, Alsace and Lorraine.

Immediately following, came *the assumption* of the title of Emperor, by the King of Prussia; the formation of a new Germanic empire, the tireless development and perfection of the Prussian fighting system—and still England did not take alarm.

Instead, she obligingly surrendered to the Hohenzollerns the inestimably valuable rock-island, Heligoland, which, if England had retained it, would now be *a lance in the side of Germany.*

Talk about foresight! Candor compels me to admit that in all the brain-work of empire-building, the Germans have outdone the rest of Europe, for they duped the English until it was almost too late; and had the French not caught on to Cailloux and other German spies as the very time Cailloux's wife shot Editor Cambon, *for telling on them*, it *would* have been too late, both for France and for England.

To honeycomb both the Old World and the New with a spy system which tells Germany all about her enemies, is a masterly feat. To deceive all Europe until the Hohenzollern is ready to strike, is Machiavellian in its art. To ally such opposite powers as the Pope and the Sultan, and bend both to the interests of the Hohenzollern family, rivals any diplomatic triumph of Metternich or Talleyrand. To draw the House of Hapsburg into the helpless position of *cadet to the parvenu house of Hohenzollern*, is an achievement which Richelieu would have admired, even though it be an imitation of Napoleon Bonaparte.

It is estimated that nearly three millions of Germans have been sacrificed to Hohenzollern vanity, egotism and ambition in this war. The whole population of the North American colonies did not exceed three millions, when our fathers fought seven years for liberty and independence.

For what, did those three million Germans train, and practise, and devote years of their lives to militarism, and march and suffer in the trenches, and kill, and burn, and then bleed and die?

Is any German made better, more prosperous, and more happy?

For what have the Croats, Czechs, Bohemians, Hungarians, and Austro-Germans sacrificed so much, lost so much, destroyed so much, and slaughtered so many, to be slaughtered in turn?

Not one of these "subjects" of the Hapsburgs has done anything for himself, his family, or his country; every one of them has fought to perpetuate the power of the Hapsburgh family.

Of course, he does not know it: he is not allowed to know it: it would be dangerous for the Hapsburgs if he *did* know it: hence, he is kept in ignorance of the meaning of the war.

A man and a woman were murdered, and 14 nations are fighting about it. The two victims of the assassin were Austrians. Those who are butchering each other, because of the assassination

of two Austrians, are of many races, creeds, and nationalities. Russians, Poles, Servians, Bulgarians, Montenegrins, Turks, Armenians, Persians, English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, French, Moors, Hindoos, Arabs, Italians, Croats, Czechs, Bohemians, Hungarians, and Belgians, are already in; the Portuguese are fixing to get in; the Greeks are on the edge of it, Roumanians are getting up steam, and even poor old Spain shows signs of senile bellicosity.

Just because a Servian killed two Austrians!

Before those two Austrians were murdered, ten thousand men and women, as good as those two Austrians, had been assassinated, without causing any war. Not a day passes in this Union without its murders. Why, the automobilists and the railroads kill more than two a day.

But in the Austrian case, the victims were of "royal blood"; they were members of a reigning family; they were allies of the Hohenzollerns and docile "children" of the Italian pope. They were martyrs to the Roman faith, because they had intensely provoked the Greek Catholic millions of Servia, by the ruthless, bloody, perfidious manner in which they had carried out the Jesuit plots against Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Servia.

Not only had Bosnia and Herzægovina been Jesuitically put through a bloody carnival of "Reconstruction and Carpetbagism", but the 10,000 Roman Catholics of Servia had been elevated to power, at the expense of 2,000,000 Greek Catholic Servians.

Just as desperate Southern men who had in good faith accepted Grant's terms at Appomattox, and Sherman's in Carolina, were driven into deeds of retaliation upon the Carpet-bagger, and the political negro, so had the Servians been driven to desperation by the broken faith of Austria, her bloody suppression of the Greek Catholics, her putting the Jesuit Carpetbaggers into all the offices, and her backing the Italian pope when he forced King Peter to sign the astounding concordat of June 1914.

That Concordat was to Servia what the Stamp Act was to the American Colonies, what the Iron-clad oath was to the ex-Confederates, what the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was to the Huguenots.

It was a fire-brand in a powder-house; and if the pope and the two German Kaisers had not overestimated the value of military "preparedness," they might never have forced that infamous Concordat upon the helpless Greek Catholics of Servia.

By the hair of the head, as it were, Germany pulled the Turk into a war which did not concern him at all: he could as easily and securely have remained neutral, as the Swede has done, as the Dane has done, as the Dutchman has done.

The Turk saved the two German autocrats from ruin, and now he faces ruin himself.

Bulgaria was lugged in by Czar Ferdinand, an adventurer who, also, wants to found a dynasty: he loaned the German autocrat 400,000 soldiers; and he will probably answer to the Allies for it, later. He helped crush Servia, promised to turn Roman Catholic if the autocrats won, and is now doubting whether he played the Kaisers, or the Kaisers played *him*. It cannot yet be said who was jockeyed in the deal, but somebody was; and when the Allies win, the foxy Ferdinand will perhaps resume his cosmopolitan existence as a shifty adventurer.

In the war, the English have lost enormous prestige. They have not lived up to reputation and expectations. They have blundered at the council board, and have blundered in the field. It was stupid to let the German ships—Breslau and Goeben—glide through the British fleet on faked signals. But for that, Turkey might not have been forced by Germany to do her fighting at Gallipoli, and elsewhere.

It was stupid to allow so many wo-

men at the British headquarters in Bellium. It was stupid to take the skilled workmen into the army, and send them to the firing line. It was stupid to neglect the opportunity, when first offered, to accumulate a supply of munitions. It was stupid to leave the Lusitania without convoy, after Ambassador Bernstorff had advertised in effect, that German submarines meant to sink her, off the Irish coast.

It was stupid not to arm every merchant vessel, at the very time Germany laid off a deadline in British waters, for the submarines sink all unarmed merchantmen without warning, *while they fear the armed ones.* Since England, Italy, and France saw through the German bluff, and armed their merchantmen and passenger ships, there has been a marked decline in German attacks upon liners.

France, France the Republic, France, which will not grovel in Rome's degrading superstitions nor send a Sir Henry Howard to make genuflexions before the Italian pope—France, alone, has astonished the world by doing brilliantly, thoroughly, and without vainglorious boasting, more than could have been hoped.

Germany has fallen far short of her record, her reputation, and her arrogant bragging: England is not the England of Chatham, of Pitt, of Nelson, and of Wellington. Neither has Turkey shown the vitality and the valor which made historic names of Kars and Plevna. Russia, too, has not made a showing to be proud of, although she seems at last on the road to Bagdad and to Constantinople.

But France is sustaining the shock of the best troops of Germany, massed hundreds of thousands strong, and France is doing it, *herself.*

At Verdun, it is the Frenchman against the German; and people are marvelling, as they remember what an easily mashed egg-shell France was in 1870.

What makes the difference between the French and German soldiers of today, and those of 46 years ago?

The difference is this: France was then a rotten empire, ruled and robbed by a shoddy, corrupt aristocracy, whose Emperor wanted to found a dynasty, and whose wife and chief counsellors were servile tools of plotting Jesuits.

The French soldiers of 1870, robbed of rations and of munitions, *were NOT fighting for themselves and the life of their country.*

On the contrary, the Prussians of 1870, had an old score to settle with the Bonapartes, with the pope, and with the Jesuits—besides, they were inspired by the ideal of racial unity in a Germanic empire.

During the years which have elapsed since the smash-up at Metz and Sedan, the situation has almost completely reversed itself.

As France established her third Republic, paid off the billion dollar account which Bismarck forced upon her, and drew away from the pope, the Hohenzollern went closer and closer to Romanism.

The Jesuits whom Bismarck had driven out, were recalled by William, the present Emperor.

Feeding the growth of Socialism and democracy by immoderate demands upon German loyalty, the Kaiser made the pope's party in the Reichstag *a necessity to himself.*

It soon came to pass, that no inflated Army and Navy estimates could resist Socialist attacks and votes, unless the aid of the pope's party, The Centre, were invoked—and of course the Centrists always had a price for the Kaiser to pay.

Thus, Germany became more and more Roman Catholic, while the Lutherans abandoned the state church in droves.

The Kaiser must needs go in person to visit the pope. The Kaiser must needs spend a handsome amount of Lutheran money, in the making of gorgeous gifts to the pope.

The Kaiser must needs intrigue for the election of a German Catholic to be General of the Jesuits. The Kaiser must needs go to Jerusalem, spectacu-

larly, to visit the Holy Places and while there give precedence, priority, and highest honors to the pope's representatives.

The Kaiser must needs send an Ambassador to the pope, receive one from him, and enter upon negotiations to restore the Temporal Power.

Is it to be wondered at, if non-Catholic Germany saw and felt all these changes, these dynastic driftings toward the medieval co-partnership between Kaiser and Pope?

Can you doubt that it was "in the air" throughout the Fatherland, that old feudalisms were being restored, under new names; old foes being introduced, *wearing dough-faces to conceal the medievalism and Absolutism*, at which Pope and Kaiser were aiming?

It *was* in the air, and it has taken from the German masses, and from the German soldier, that irresistible dash, elan, perseverance, and certainty of success that inspired him to almost superhuman speed, endurance, and valor, 46 years ago.

Germans are marching wonderfully, being driven by officers: in 1870, they did not need to be driven.

Germans are making heroic charges, fighting great battles, making cruel sacrifices; but there is no cheering as in 1870; there is no enthusiasm, as in 1870; there is no certainty of success, as in 1870. On the contrary, the troops go dumb to the slaughter of the French guns; their kindred are restless and riotous back there at home; and the stony hearted Hohenzollern is forcing, *forcing*, *FORCING* his abject subjects into hailstorms of death, bidding them win advantage for *him*, "at any cost."

Has any Hohenzollern endangered his sacred person in this war? Not one. Has any Hapsburgh gone out in person, to revenge the assassination of the Hapsburgh by the Servian?

No, sir! The Hapsburgh vengeance is being wreaked upon Servia, Russia and France *by proxy*.

Not a single drop of Hohenzollern or Hapsburg blood has been shed in this war of theirs, in which at least five million common mortals have fought and bled.

After the imbecile adventurer, Napolean III., (who had no Bonaparte blood in him) had been taken prisoner at Sedan, his bigoted harridan of a wife ran away from Paris; and the Republic soon swept Divine Right into the French scrap-heap. Unless the German troops can do miraculous work, between this and mid-summer, it is practically certain that the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs will be in imminent danger of following the French Bourbons, the Bonapartists, and the Portuguese royalties into private life.

Either that, or the German people will relegate the Hohenzollerns to a position similar to that of the Guelphs, in England. Parliament rules Great Britain; the King does not. *Real* soldiers command the armies of England; figure-head Crown Princes, and Bavarian Kings, and blustering Kaisers do not.

When this war ends, the Reichstag will be the ruling body—let us hope—and the Jesuits, with their Centrist bargain-counter, will be driven out of the temple.

From the ashes of this Armageddon, planned to enhance Pope and Kaiser, Absolutism and Priest-rule, let us pray that Democracy may rise into new life, princely privileges be destroyed, autocracies and plutocracies melt away, and papalism, covered by a world-wide avelanche of *comprehension*, detestation, and outlawry, be sent to the limbo of other pagan impostures.

The Attorney-General Does Not Realize the Lawlessness of His Threatened Proceedings Against Watson.

IN Blackstone's "Commentaries"—Book IV., Chapter 33, paragraph 424—law-students are taught, that it was one of the reforms demanded by the rebellious barons of King John, *that the citizen accused of crime should be tried in the neighborhood in which the offense was alleged to have been committed.*

This demand became a part of the Great Charter, and the kingdom was divided into circuits, in order that each person prosecuted for crime, *should be indicted and tried in his own circuit.*

The Italian Pope—Innocent the Great—laid the curse of Rome upon this Great Charter; degraded the English prelate, Langton, who had taken part in demanding it; excommunicated the rebellious barons; and "absolved" the tyrannical King from his solemn oath to keep faith with his dissatisfied people.

Nevertheless, the Great Charter soon triumphed over Papal curse and priestly intrigue, for, in truth, it was little more than the reassertion of the ancient Anglo-Saxon customs and laws which had been codified by King Alfred the Great.

If President Wilson's Attorney-General is not familiar with all this, he is a mere "case lawyer," who knows nothing of original principles and the historic struggles by which our forefathers maintained them.

There was healthy, fearless "mob spirit" animating Archbishop Langton and those Catholic barons, *aroused in them by the outrageous oppression and lawlessness of Royal Authority.*

But for that famous "mob," which drew its swords on the tyrannical King, Englishmen might have remained as slavish to brutal and lawless Authority, as the Pope and the King wished them to be.

After the establishment of the Great Charter in 1215, it was not persistently ignored and violated, until King George III. began to transport Americans to England for trial, under legal accusations.

The "mob spirit" which inspired the Boston Tea Party, the burning of the Gaspee and the Peggy Stewart, and the lynching of Tories, had its origin, to a large extent, *in the flagrant violation of the law by Royal Authority.*

Our forefathers knew their rights as Englishmen, and knowing them, dared to fight for them.

They themselves stated, in the Declaration of Independence, that one of their reasons for going to war, was this very abuse of taking the citizen away from the lawful, local jurisdiction, for trial in another.

When the Revolutionary War, with its seven years of woe and wastage and slaughter, at length made them a free people, the principles for which they had fought so long and suffered so much were embodied in the fundamental law of the Union of States—and also in the highest law of each State in the Union.

Article III., Section 2, paragraph 3 of the Federal Constitution reads as follows:

> The trial of all crimes, except in cases of impeachment shall be by jury; and such trial shall be held in the State where said crimes shall have been committed; but when not committed within any State, the trial shall be held at such place or places as the Congress may by law have directed.

Plainer language could not have been used; and Mr. Gregory is pre-

sumed to have taken an oath of obedience to this supreme law, when he qualified as Attorney-General.

Did he take such an oath? If so, how can he violate it, *without laying himself liable to impeachment?*

He has been represented as gabbling in the newspapers, with the garrulity of an old woman, telling the whole country—in effect—that the Constitution of the United States does not bind him, when it is a question of gratifying the hatred of Watson's enemies.

Plain as were the words of the Constitution, already quoted, the States were not entirely satisfied: they demanded, *immediately*, that a Bill of Rights be added to it, containing, among others, the following clause:

> In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy **and public trial,** by an impartial **jury of the State and District wherein the crime shall have been committed, which District shall have been previously ascertained by law** and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and to have the assistance of counsel for his defense.

Does this Administration mean to tell the States, that the Federal Government has determined to treat the Constitution as a dead letter?

Is *that* the "mob spirit" of this Democratic regime?

Even in the stress of the Civil War, the Lincoln Administration went no farther with their war measures than to suspend the Writ of *Habeas Corpus.*

No citizen was dragged out of one State, to be tried in another.

As most newspaper men know, the late Charles A. Dana, Editor of the New York *Sun*, was the most vitrolic and dreaded fighters on the American press.

Against President Grant, he launched a terrific series of attacks, arousing in the Great Captain a furious wrath.

Copies of *The Sun* were, of course, sold and circulated in Washington City; and President Grant caused a warrant to be issued against Dana, who lived in New York and published his paper there.

When the U. S. Judges of New York were asked for the authority to remove Dana to Washington for trial, they promptly and flatly refused. They held that the circulation of Dana's paper in another jurisdiction *did not constitute a penal offense within that jurisdiction;* and that the New York Editor, if a criminal at all, was a New York offender, entitled to a New York trial.

It is with regret that I, an admirer of the fine qualities of General Grant, remind our readers of this mistake and weakness of his: it would be much more congenial to me to relate that General Grant had emulated the example of President Washington, when the Father of his Country was violently abused in a paper, published in Washington City by Philip Frenan, himself a clerk in Thomas Jefferson's Department of State.

Frenan used to send several copies of his paper to the Executive Mansion, in order that General Washington might see the libellous things the Departmental clerk published about him.

The Father of his Country—a very human person—got into a towering rage against Frenan, whom he eloquently denounced as "a d—d rascal;" and he even intimated to Secretary Jefferson, that Frenan should be silenced; but "Saint Thomas of Cantingbury," as John Randolph called the Monticello sage, quietly told President Washington that *he*, Jefferson, could not think of interfering with the freedom of the press.

Frenan continued to hold his post, and to revile the President, but Washington, with true greatness, refused to take any further notice of him.

Honor to the brave and the strong—Washington and Jefferson—neither of whom would stoop to use Federal machinery, to crush a single individual, who had, in law and in equity, just as much right to his own opinions, and to the publication thereof, as either Washington or Jefferson.

Chancellor Kent, in his Commentaries—Vol. 2, Part IV., Lecture XXIV., paragraph 6—mentions the Colonial Convention of 1776, which adopted the declaration of American rights.

The Colonies published to the world, that Americans claimed all the rights and liberties of free-born Englishmen.

In this celebrated Declaration of principles, they set forth the right of the Colonies to tax themselves, the privilege of trial by jury, "and more especially *the great and inestimable* privilege of being tried by their peers, *of the vicinage*, according to English law.

Does President Wilson's Attorney-General propose to do away with this "*great and inestimable privilege?*"

Judge Thomas M. Cooley's work on "Constitutional Limitations" is a standard authority on that subject; and the Attorney-General would do well to refresh his memory on the *constitutional law of Venue.*

Chapter X., paragraph 320, contains this sentence:

"The jury must also be summoned from the vicinage wherein the crime is supposed to have been committed; and the accused will thus have the benefit, on his trial, *of his own good character and standing with his neighbors*, if these he has preserved; and also of *such knowledge as the jury may possess of the witness who may give the evidence against him.*

He will also be able with more certainty *to secure the attendance of his own witness.*"

That's the law, as laid down by such masters as Sir William Blackstone, Chancellor Kent, and Judge Cooley.

It has been the law ever since the days of Alfred the Great; and the very reason why the Great Charter became a necessity was, that the Norman Kings had trampled upon the ancient laws of the realm.

No State can see Georgia assaulted, violated, insulted, and lawlessly invaded by the Federal Government, without realizing that *she* may be the next victim.

Where one State is ruthlessly trampled on, all the States are endangered.

I quote from the New York World an editorial which Mr. Gregory would do well to *read, AND TO HEAR.*

Is it possible that a Democratic Attorney-General has so soon forgotten the humiliation of a recent Republican predecessor, Charles J. Bonaparte by name, who, acting under the orders of Mr. Roosevelt, in 1909 procured criminal indictments at Washington against editors of the World and the Indianapolis News for "libelling the Government" and sought to remove the defendants to the District of Columbia for trial? If so, his memory is in desperate need of a tonic.

When United States Attorney Joseph B. Kealing, of Indianapolis, was asked to move in this matter he refused, saying that the principle involved was dangerous, and promptly resigned his office. When the case came up before United States Judge A. B. Anderson at Indianapolis, he dismissed it instanter, with the remark that if the history of liberty means anything and if constitutional guarantees mean anything, such prosecutions must be looked upon with apprehension. When a similar issue was presented to United States Judge Charles M. Hough in New York, the World being under indictment for libelling the Government by circulating copies of the publication in the city Post Office and at West Point, Government reservations, that magistrate quashed the indictment on the ground that it was unauthorized by law. On January 3, 1911, the Supreme Court of the United States unanimously affirmed this judgment.

What Attorney General Bonaparte attempted to do was drag editors from their homes for trial in Washington, or, as in the New York case, by strained construction of a complaint against a newspaper because a few copies of it had been delivered or sold on property owned by the Government. What Attorney-General Gregory threatens is the same thing in spirit and purpose—to pick from many jurisdictions one in which he thinks conviction will be certain and then proceed against his victim under the postal laws with all the enginery of despotism. President Wilson's urgent duty is to forbid this indefensible misuse of power.

Everybody knows that the use of Governmental power against a citizen

is, in this case, a malicious, dishonest, hypocritical prostitution of the law.

Everybody knows that if Gregory, and those back of him, were really concerned for public morals and the virginity of the mails, Watson is not the only man they would be hounding down.

An Attorney-General who shouts to the whole world, that a prospective defendant *is guilty, IN ADVANCE OF THE INDICTMENT*, is an official who totally lacks the sense of judicial propriety, and who has no just conception of a legal and decent prosecution of a fellow-citizen.

Is it not an astounding proposition, that I am to be prosecuted, as a felon, and The Jeffersonian Publishing Company ruined, because we reprinted, in part, what the State of Georgia published in full, about the secret vices of Leo Frank?

Are the three Atlanta daily papers to be treated under a different law, from that created for my special benefit?

The Atlanta Constitution, Journal and Georgian published those horrible details, during the trial. In what way have they secured immunity?

John M. Slaton published a fifteen thousand word defense of his action in the case, and that document reeks with obscenity, provided the narrow, pharisaical rule put upon me convicts me of obscenity, as the Attorney-General has told the country that it did.

The Richmond, (Va.) Journal Co., printed the filthy details of the evidence in the Beatty case, telling the country what kind of a shameful disease Beatty had, and of the sickening condition of his underclothing on account of that disease.

The Federal Judge quashed the indictment against the Company, and there was no threat to indict those defendants in four or five other States.

Have any of the California papers been indicted, or threatened with indictment, for having published the facts in the case of Diggs and Cammenetti?

Have there not been hundreds of criminal cases reported minutely and elaborately, in the great daily papers of the big cities, such as that of Marion Lambert?

If it isn't private revenge which is sought in my case, why is mine the only one of that kind attracting the attention of this Democratic Administration.

The Attorney-General has been reported as having said, *that the Government can indict me wherever it pleases.*

THE GOVERNMENT CANNOT LEGALLY DO ANYTHING OF THE KIND.

No man can die, but once; and no man can more nobly die than when he lays down his life to maintain his manhood, the sanctity of his home, and the liberties of his fellow-men.

When my hour of trial comes, I pray God that I may not be wanting in the courage to defend and maintain those liberties for which your ancestors and mine fought and died.

I will not assert that Mr. Gregory has really said all those things which the newspapers have published, nor will I even assert that his underling, Mr. Wallace, has expressed all the Roman Catholic hatred toward me that has been put in his mouth.

But *this*, I will say:

They have threatened, and bantered, and badgered me, for months and months, keeping me and my family on the Romanist rack of torture, and it was a most infamous thing to do.

No other human being has ever been so hounded by the Federal Government.

In the darkest days of Reconstruction, the rabid Republicans never treated a Southern man like this.

Why am I singled out?

I would be the veriest cur on earth, if I did not hotly resent it, and if I did not determine to resist it, to the last drop of blood in my veins.

How much more Protestant blood does the Harlot of Tiber want to drink?

How many more victims does that damnable scarlet woman demand?

Her hands are already dripping with the recent murder of Ferrer, of Canalejas, of Dr. Cronin, of Mayor Gaynor, of William Black, and of President Madero.

Ever since last summer, when The Jeffersonian took up the defense of Georgia—her laws, her courts, her womanhood—the Jew drummers and the Catholic priests, have been boasting that they had arranged to have me indicted in some Northern State, and taken out of the jurisdiction in which I live.

When my brother first mentioned these threats to me, last July, I told him that it was all a bluff, simply because the law of the land did not authorize such an outrage.

Nevertheless, it soon transpired, that after the Government failed in Augusta to empanel *twelve* Norths and Dents, my enemies intended to take me where they *could* find a jury of Dents and Norths.

To the amazement of all sensible people, the Attorney-General of the United States leagued himself with these foes to time-honored Law, and declared that he meant to have me indicted in four or five different states, at the same time.

He has continued to threaten me, and to say—as a last proposition—that he would indict me about the Frank case in Georgia *first*, but if Georgians refuse to sacrifice me to John M. Slaton, to Hearst, to Straus and to the Roman Catholic priests, he would drag me to another jurisdiction.

During all the months that these threats have been bruited, nobody among the officials surrounding this astonishing Department of Justice seems to have considered that I have a wife and children, a home and fireside, friends and devoted comrades.

I have been talked about and threatened, as though I were a homeless and mangy yellow dog, with no rights which the Government was bound to respect, and no strength with which to *compel* respect.

Throughout the country, it has been heralded that the Georgia delegation in Congress—excepting always our two glorious Senators—had gone to the Department of Justice in my "behalf," and that Governor Harris had done the same thing.

It has also been heralded, that the vice-president of our Publishing Company went to this marvellous Department of Justice, to plead in my "behalf."

Two of the daily papers of this State, subsidized no doubt with Jew-Slaton money, have encouraged the Attorney-General to invade the State of Georgia, and to trample upon her constitutional rights.

Both of our glorious Senators have stood aloof, indifferent to the insult and outrage threatened; and one of them said, he did not care if Watson were "quartered", and the four different quarters of his body tried in four different States.

The time has come for me to speak plainly, and I am now going to do it.

My wife and family, my home and friends are quite as dear to me, as are those of any other man.

My life and my liberties, are as precious to me, as are those of any other man.

I am not to be kicked around like a yellow dog, nor am I to be made a mute, unresisting victim of my enemies.

However willing Mr. Gregory may be to desecrate his high office to private vengeance, directed at one individual, is not necessarily a helpless object of such official prostitution.

I know what are my legal rights, and God being my helper, I will stand for them, flatfooted and without compromise.

If the Representatives of the Congressional districts of Georgia did anything more than to *protest against a contemplated crime*, they did not represent me.

If our Vice-President, J. J. Brown, did anything more than to protest against a threatened proceeding which would bankrupt our Publishing Company, and rob many a boy and girl,

poor man and woman who invested in our stock and bonds—he went further than I authorized him to go.

I do not and will not, retract a single one of those Frank articles.

Instead of exaggerating the horrible guilt of Leo Frank, and the corrupt duplicity with which John Slaton acted—in his double capacity of Frank's lawyer and the State's governor—my language fell short of the actual facts.

And I tell the Attorney-General to his teeth—*You cannot legally remove me from the Southern District of Georgia!*

The Anglo-Saxon laws of Alfred the Great forbid you!

The law of Magna Charta forbids you!

The Constitution of the United States forbids you!

The decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States forbid you!

Dare you run rough shod over the laws of a thousand years—laws which my ancestors, *if not yours*, fought to establish and perpetuate in the New World?

If so, your course will be revolutionary, tyrannical, despotic, lawless.

In such a case, your purpose could not be a decent legal prosecution, but a devilish persecution, *preluding assassination.*

Feeling this profoundly, I would be more than human—or less—if I submitted to it.

If I have to give up my life for having incurred the savage hatred of the Roman priests and the rich Jews, it will be given up right here, in the same region where my ancestors gave up their's.

I am not going to be tried in Baltimore, where Cardinal Gibbons rules the roost; nor in Boston, where Cardinal O'Connell is brutal boss; nor in New York, where Tammany represents the Italian Pope, and pulls the reins over the Democratic party.

If tried at all about the Frank case—or any other—I am going to be tried, *according to law! IN MY OWN DISTRICT!*

Mr. Gregory, Mr. Slaton, Mr. Hoke Smith, Mr. T. W. Hardwick, and Messrs. Gibbons, O'Connell, and *TUMULTY*, will be doing well, if they make a note of this.

Crops.

John Joseph Scott.

Blanched bones and putrid—the murderers' toil—
Chained, Love's pure hands that temper even death—
God's images decayed—the lifeless soil,
From which the harvest yielded Bread—and Breath!

Catholicism and Freemasonry.

By Henry Planert, 32d Degree, Jacksonville, Florida

WITH religious beliefs, be they what they may, Masonry has no quarrel, on them makes no assault. It requires of its initiates a belief in a supreme God the Creator of all things, the Giver of all good, and the concomitant faith in the immortality of the soul; further than this it exacts nothing nor makes inquiry. The atheist and the pagan cannot enter our doors, and yet, while we deplore their mental and spiritual darkness, we freely grant to them the right to an honest disbelief in the existence of God, or an honest faith in the efficacy of many gods, and the Roman Catholic church, as an exponent of a religious faith, and its individual members, as adherents to the spiritual doctrines which it teaches, are entitled to the same rights that any other sect may claim, and Masonry would be the last to deny to them the free exercise of those rights.

In considering this question it is necessary to keep clearly in mind that the Roman Church, alone of all the denominations that claim a Christian lineage, is a dual organization and has a two-fold purpose. On the one hand it represents a religious creed looking to the spiritual welfare of its members; on the other it is a political hierarchy, constantly grasping for temporal power, and the first is made subordinate to and a means of attaining the second; and it is from this point of view that the Roman hierarchy as a temporal despotism aiming at political absolutism becomes a menace to any country over which it attempts to extend its sway, and its members, as subjects of a spiritual and temporal sovereign to whom they are taught as an article of religious faith they owe first and greatest allegiance, may be justly regarded as potential factors in bringing about the spiritual and political vassalage of the nation.

In view of the above premises it is evident therefore that our attitude toward Catholicism is not that of enmity toward a religion, but it is that of opposing by every means within our power the insidious and never ceasing efforts of a bigoted and intolerant despotism to subvert our free institutions, and to aid with all our energies in destroying the ignorance and superstition with which this despotism endeavors to darken the minds of the people, and the false and specious arguments and dogmas wherewith it seeks to blind them to its real designs and make them its ready dupes and facile servants.

By way of preface I would here state that the Catholic Encyclopedia, from which quotations will be made, is of recent date, the first volume having been published in 1907 and the last in 1912; that the contributors are orthodox Catholics of note and learning, that it bears the stamp of approval of the censor of the Catholic Church and the imprimatur of Cardinal Farley, archbishop of New York. Therefore neither its authenticity nor its authority can be called into question, and its recent date carries the irreputable evidence that what is found therein respecting Catholic dogma and creed represents the present day position of the church. I will also refer to the well-known fact that the utterances of the popes, when speaking ex cathedra, are for the Catholic, infallible; they are the law and doctrine of the church, irrevocable, and from which there is no appeal.

One of the first lessons which Freemasonry teaches is patriotism. As Entered Apprentices we are charged: "In the State you are to be a quiet and peacable citizen, true to your government and just to your country. You are not to countenance disloyalty or

rebellion, but are patiently to submit to legal authority and obey with cheerfulness the laws of the country in which you live." What does the Catholic Church teach its members in regard to this matter? I quote from the Syllabus of Errors of pope Pius IX.

"The State has NOT the right of asserting the supremacy of its own laws when they come in conflict with ecclesiastical law. In such a conflict the laws of the church MUST PREVAIL."

"The State has NOT the right to require the ecclesiastical power to obtain permission of the civil authority to exercise its dominion. It has NOT the right to treat as an excess of power **anything** that the Roman Pontiffs or Oecumenical Councils have done, nor has it the right to deny to the church the use of force, nor to deny to it the possession of either direct or indirect temporal power."

I quote next the Catholic Encyclopedia, Vol. XVI., page 251, the subject of the article quoted from being "State and Church:"

"The State then, exists to help man to temporal happiness, the Church to eternal. Of those two purpose the latter is more ultimate, man's greatest good, while the former is not necessary to the acquisition of the latter. The dominant proximate purpose of a man must be to earn his title to eternal salvation: for that, if need be, he must rationally sacrifice his temporal happiness. It is clear therefore, that the purpose of the church is higher in the order of Divine Providence and of righteous human endeavor than that of the State. Hence in case of direct collision between the two, God's will and man's need require that the guardian of the lower should yield."

I quote now from the encyclical letter of Leo XIII. dated January 10, 1890, and entitled: "On the chief duties of Christians as citizens:"

"If the laws of the State are manifestly at variance with Divine law, containing enactments hurtful to the Church, or conveying injunctions adverse to the duties imposed by religion, or if they violate in the person of the Supreme Pontiff the authority of Jesus Christ, then truly, TO RESIST BECOMES A POSITIVE DUTY, TO OBEY A CRIME! The supreme teacher in the Roman church is the Pontiff, union of minds therefore, requires, together with perfect accord in one faith, **complete submission to the Church and to the Roman Pontiff as to God Himself!"**

Here we have irrefutable evidence from the highest Catholic authorities that a Catholic must believe that civil government, the laws of the land, must of right, be held in secondary importance to the laws of the church, that his first and greatest duty is to the church, his first and greatest allegiance to the pope, and that in case of a collision between the church and the State he is bound to support the Church as against the lawful government of the country in which he lives. The duty of the Catholic was most clearly and graphically set forth by D. S. Phelan, until his recent decease the most powerful and influential priest in this country, and the editor of the Western Watchman, the Catholic organ of the middle west. In a sermon preached in St. Louis in June, 1912, he used this language:

"He (the pope) tells us we must be foreigners, we (Catholics) must be foreigners in every land and in every country in the world, foreigners under every sky, foreigners under every law, foreigners everywhere and always; and that is why we Catholics are universally expatriated. Every country would claim us, every country would like to have us as its own. England would like to have its Catholics all Englishmen, France would like to have her Catholics all Frenchmen, Italy, Spain, and Germany would like to have their Catholics thorough nationalists, and here in the United States they would like to have us Catholics to be Americans first and before everything. Well we would like to be accommodating, we do the best we can, but the truth is that we can never be French, or English, or Italians, or Germans, or Americans, we can never be these things entirely; and why? Because we are uncompromising foreigners, and we must never forget that BY OUR OWN LAWS WE ARE FOREIGNERS.

"We must never deny our character as foreigners. We of the Catholic church are ready to go to the death for the church, under God she is the supreme object of our worship. Tell us that we think more of our church than we do of the United States? OF COURSE WE DO. Tell us that we are Catholics first and Americans or Englishmen afterwards? OF COURSE WE ARE. Tell us that in case of a conflict between the church and the civil gov-

ernment we take the side of the church? OF COURSE WE DO. Why, if the government of the United States were at war with the church we would say tomorrow: TO HELL WITH THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES! And if the church and all of the governments in the world were at war we would say: TO HELL WITH ALL THE GOVERNMENTS OF THE WORLD! They say we are Catholics first and Americans decidedly afterwards. We ARE Catholics first, and we love the church more than any and all the governments in the world. Let the governments of the world steer clear of the Catholic Church, let emperors, let kings and presidents not come into conflict with the head of the Catholic church, because the Catholic church is EVERYTHING to all Catholics, THEY RENOUNCE ALL NATIONALITIES WHERE THERE IS A QUESTION OF LOYALTY TO HER!"

The authenticity of this remarkable sermon has never been called into question. It was not only published in the leading St. Louis dailies on the next day after it was delivered from the pulpit, but also in Phelan's own paper, the Western Watchman. Had this traitorous language been distasteful to the hierarchy it would have repudiated it and rebuked the priest who gave it utterance, but since it only expressed in plain English and forceful terms the meaning of the language of popes Pius and Leo as above quoted, however much the Catholic authorities may have been chagrined at the lack of policy displayed by the outspoken priest, they were compelled to accept his interpretation of papal dogma as being correct.

The Syllabus of Errors from which I have quoted was the result of twelve years labor on the part of that pope and his principal dignitaries, therefore it cannot be doubted but that every word was carefully weighed, that every thought expressed was given the fullest consideration before the decretal was finally published, which was in 1864. It consists of eighty theses or propositions in which are set forth the position of the church in its relation to civil government and its attitude on other matters, and the pope was impelled to promulgate it to combat the awakening of the people in the Catholic Latin nations in the matter of human rights, human liberty, and intellectual and spiritual emancipation brought about by the activity of Freemasonry in those countries. Of the Syllabus and its purpose I quote from page 369, Vol. XIV., of the Catholic Encyclopedia:

"The importance of the Syllabus lies in its opposition to the high tide of that intellectual movement of the 19th century which strove to sweep away the foundations of all human and Divine order. The Syllabus is not only the defense of the inalienable rights of God, of the Church, and of Truth against the abuse of the words "Freedom" and "Culture" on the part of unbridled Liberalism, but it is also a protest, earnest and energetic, against the attempt to eliminate the influence of the Catholic church on the life of nations and of individuals, on the family and the school."

Freemasonry teaches and stands for free conscience, free thought, free speech and free action to the fullest extent compatible with that form of government of the people, for the people, and by the people which best inures to their welfare and happiness. What is the position of the Catholic Church in these matters? I quote from the Syllabus of Errors:

"To deny the right of the church to require the State to suppress free speech is a damnable heresy. The State has not the right to leave every man free to embrace whatever religion he shall deem true."

I quote now from the Letter Humanum Genus of Pope Leo XIII., issued by that infallible authority in 1884:

"Once grant that men through God's will are born for civil society, and that sovereign power is so strictly necessary to society that when this fails society necessarily collapses, it follows that the right of command emenates from the same principle from which society itself emenates; hence the reason why the minister of God is invested with such authority. Therefore, so far as it is required from the end

and nature of human society, one must obey lawful authority as we would obey the authority of God, supreme ruler of the universe; and it is a capital error to grant to the people the full power to shake off at will the yoke of obedience."

In other words these infallible popes, whose pronouncements are the law of the Catholic church, absolutely deny to the individual the right of free speech, choice of religious faith, the rights of conscience; deprives him of the right of self government, and declares the church to be the source of all authority and its ministers invested with exclusive powers of administration of the civil laws.

Freemasonry recognizes the right of every man to worship according to the dictates of his conscience and grants to him the free exercise of that right. What says the Catholic church? I quote again from the Syllabus of Errors:

"The State has NOT the right to interfere in matters pertaining to religion morals, or to spiritual government. The church alone has the right to exercise exclusive control in these matters. The State has NOT the right to deny to the church the right to REQUIRE THAT THE (CATHOLIC) CHURCH SHALL BE THE ONLY RELIGION OF THE STATE TO THE EXCLUSION OF ALL OTHERS!"

I quote now from the Letter Humanum Genus:

"..... the Catholic church, BEING THE ONLY TRUE ONE, cannot be joined with others without enormous injustices."

Can there be any mistaking the sinister significance of these infallible dogmas? Is there no danger to be apprehended from a powerful organization that thus boldly declares as its law and creed, principles that are so inimical to human freedom and human rights? Can there be any doubt of the intent of such an organization, or of its will and purpose to carry out these policies wherever and whenever it can safely do so? The pages of history since the rise to power of the Roman hierarchy are red with the narratives of the bloody and hellish persecutions of the priesthood. Neither the innocence of youth, the integrity of sterling manhood, the gray hairs of an honored old age, nor the distinctions of sex, rank, or condition, afforded protection against the fanatical servant of papacy, whose ears gloated at the shriek of the tender virgin, or the mother with babe in arms, as he tore their flesh with his instruments of torture or bound their struggling bodies to the stake and lighted the fagots whose consuming flames seared them to an awful death, meanwhile dinning into their ears the curses of the church that would consign their souls to an eternal hell, because forsooth, they dared to claim the right to trust their eternal welfare to God without the meditation of the senseless mummery of an ignorant and debauched priesthood!

Has the spirit of the hierarchy changed since the days of the dread inquisition? It is the boast of the Roman church that it *never* changed. It cannot hold otherwise. To do so would be to deny the infallibility of the popes and councils, the dogma on which rests the whole superstructure of the Catholic faith. We see in the article on "Infallibility" in the Catholic Encyclopedia what pain is taken to prove that the official utterances of even those popes who themselves fell under the ban of their successors, were not affected by the character of the prelate who delivered them. The decrees of Honorius I., who, fifty years after his death, was tried by Leo II. and in a general council, convicted, of heresy, excommunicated and accursed, were none the less infallible because of the judgment passed on him. So too, the ex cathedra utterances of John XII., who, by the admission of Catholic historians, was a moral degenerate comparable only to the people of Sodom; those of Alexander VI., (Rodrigo Borgia) whose wickedness vied with that of Nero and Caligula; those of Innocent III., by whose orders the

Albigenses were extirpated with savage ferocity; those of Clement V., who united with Philip the Fair in the destruction of the Templars; those of Gregory XIII., who caused the Te Deum to be sung in praise and thanksgiving on receiving the news of the awful massacre of St. Bartholomew, and caused medals to be struck in commemoration of the event. All have the virtue of infallibility, and are as much the law of the church as they were the day they were promulgated. Read the article on the Inquisition in the work above referred to and note how the work of this hellish instrument of the church is extolled and justified, and how it is regretted that changed times and conditions render it impracticable to continue, in civilized lands, its militant effort to suppress heresy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Potiphar's Wife.

Ralph M. Thomson.

Potiphar's wife is fair of face,
And lithe of form and soft of speech,
With something of that air of grace
Aristocrats are prone to preach;
But Potiphar's wife can neither sew,
Nor cook, nor sweep, nor dust a tome;
Nor do the little things which go
To make the humblest hut a home.

Potiphar's wife's a lady grand,
Who well has learned the alphabet
Of how to spend the wealth at hand,
And how to squander etiquette;
But Potiphar's wife is loath to train,
However fashionably taught,
The empty sulci of her brain
To fertilize one helpful thought.

Potiphar's wife delights to fold,
And passionately to her breast,
A dog or cat by fame cajoled,
Whose pedigree has stood the test;
But Potiphar's wife, though calcimined
With tinted virtues undefiled,
Disdains to live the life refined
That comes from mothering a child.

Potiphar's wife is far above
The painted wretches she may hate,
Because her travesty on Ilove
Is countenanced by church and state;
But whether she in the end shall tread
The way that leads to Day or Night,
Undoubtedly it can be said:
Potiphar's wife's a—parasite!

THE WOMAN OF BABYLON

Joseph Hocking

CHAPTER III.

Father Brandon Makes Inquiries.

A month later Mrs. Raymond was received into the communion of the Roman Church. She had never spoken to her husband about it until a few days before the ceremony, but she had no need to have feared. Walter Raymond was not altogether unprepared. He had noticed the frequency with which she attended the Roman Catholic services, and drew his own conclusions. He was not a talkative man, and so did not harass her with questions about her course of action.

"If she wants to be a Romanist, let her, poor thing," he said to himself. "I imagine a woman must have some sort of religious authority in order to be happy, and on the whole I think the Roman Catholic faith is a very good thing for women. Of course, to a man who has the slightest critical faculty, it is so much nonsense; but for women it is a different thing. They are moody and imaginative. They have all sorts of fancies, and need some kind of ghostly adviser; so if she can get any comfort from Latin prayers, and incense, and the rest of it, let her have it. As for the confessional, Brandon is a sensible, healthy-minded man, who may comfort her. Besides, Lucy's confessions would trouble no confessor. A fit of temper now and then, an attack of nerves which makes her unreasonable and querulous, are among her worst faults. No, I'll say nothing."

And yet he was not pleased when she told him that she intended joining the Roman Church. Perhaps it was his Protestant blood, perhaps it was because he knew something of history; but he felt that somehow a new element was coming into their lives. For the first time they were in a way to be separated. He did not know why it should be so; but he thought of his wife telling another man, even although he were a priest, what hitherto she had only told him, was repellent. Nay, more; she might tell the priest what she would not tell him.

"You have quite decided, Lucy?" he said.

"Yes, Walter; quite decided."

"But why? What has the Catholic Church to offer you that you do not possess in the Protestant religion?"

"Everything. Oh, Walter, the Protestant religion is not a religion at all. As its very name suggests, it is a negation."

Walter smiled. "That's one of Brandon's phrases," he reflected. "It seems to me very positive," he went on quietly. "I have troubled very little about matters of doctrine; but I find that the Sermon on the Mount is about as positive as anything in the world."

"Oh, Walter, you don't know. Everything has been so different

of late, and I have been so happy. I come to the Church as I come to a mother. I tell her my doubts and fears and receive comfort."

"Poor little Lucy!" said Walter kindly.

"Oh, Walter, if you only knew! You see, there is no Church other than the one to whom our Lord gave authority in the beginning. She is the great storehouse of grace, and those who stay outside her do so at their peril."

Walter was silent, for in spite of himself a fear came into his heart. Yet, because during the last few weeks his wife had seemed more cheerful, he held his peace.

Nevertheless, he would not go to church to witness her reception.

"No," he said firmly, "if you have made up your mind to take this step, I will not try to hinder you; but—I tell you honestly—I don't much like it. But promise me one thing, Lucy: this business shall not interfere with the happiness of our home life."

"Interfere with our happiness? Walter, I have not always been a good wife to you, but I will be in the future. I will never cease praying that God will bring you into the light."

"Pray for me as much as you will, Lucy. God knows I need all your prayers, but do not let anything disturb our trust in each other, and our happiness."

"But you will come with me to the church? Think: I am to be received into the true fold."

"As though every true, God-fearing woman is not in the true fold," he said, almost impatiently. "No, Lucy; I don't believe in this step. To me it is so much nonsense, and I cannot pretend to countenance it by my presence. But I will not put anything in the way of your doing what you believe to be right. Go and be happy."

So Mrs. Raymond was received into the Roman Catholic communion, while many of that faith smiled to each other as they spoke of the progress their religion was making in a heretic country.

"We shall get the whole family," said Mrs. Dilton to her husband.

"I doubt it."

"But I don't. Mrs. Raymond's conversion is only the thin end of the wedge. Her husband really dotes upon her, and will do anything for her happiness. Mark my words: in less than two years from now the whole family will have been received into the Church."

"Yes, I know that Walter Raymond is fond of his wife," said Dilton, "but he's not a man to be led by a string. Besides, he's one of those fellows that nothing can move when he's made up his mind. He's not a brilliant man, and yet by sheer doggedness he's rising in his profession. I find that little by little he's getting a name as a safe lawyer, and that's not the man to be moved as easily as you think."

On the night after Mrs. Raymond had publicly avowed her faith as a Roman Catholic, Father Brandon sat in his study alone with his assistant.

"I've been inquiring into Raymond's antecedents," he said, "and I find the whole case very interesting. Look here, Kelly; I want you to go down to his old home and hunt out everything."

"What?"

Brandon lit a cigar, and sat back in his easy-chair.

"Several things," he answered presently; "several things. First, I have discovered that Raymond's father is a very rich man, and that he disinherited his son for marrying Mrs. Raymond, who was poor. I want you to make inquiries about Mr. Raymond, senior, and to discover the value of his estate. I want you to discover exactly the kind of man he is. Then I want you to find out all about Mrs. Raymond's family. Her name was Bennett, and her father is a lawyer. But more than all, I wish you to discover the circumstances of the marriage. Where was the service performed? Who performed it, who were the witnesses,? and so on."

"Of course I'll go," said Father Kelly. "At the same time, I do not see the need of it."

"Why?"

"Because now that Mrs. Raymond has become a Catholic you can ask her what you like, and she will tell you."

"Yes, but I wish to have a man's version of the business, and, besides I want to be primed in every detail. In addition to all that, I am not at all anxious to ask Mrs. Raymond too many questions just now. When ice is thin, one must skate warily. You must remember that up to a few months ago she had strong Protestant prejudices, and while, like most converts, she is far more eager to convert others than those born into the Church, yet several generations of Protestant blood cannot be eradicated in a day. I do not desire her to think of me as one who wishes to know her private affairs, even although I have a right to know them."

"You have some scheme in your mind."

"I always have schemes in my mind."

"Of course, Raymond is nobody."

"He may become somebody at any time."

"How?"

"Well, for one thing, there is a big lawsuit coming on, and Raymond is the solicitor for the plaintiff. If he is successful, it may lead to his father's reconciliation. Then again, as I told you, if my information is correct, his father is a wealthy man."

"I see."

"I'm glad of that."

"When do you want me to go?"

"Tomorrow."

"All right; I'll go and do my best."

"But do not go as a priest. I don't want the Church to be seemingly identified with the matter. Luckily you make up well as a layman, and no one would take you for a priest when you wear a suit of tweeds and a bowler. So go right away and get ready. I want to be alone to think."

When Kelly had gone, Father Brandon took a diary from his desk and made many notes, which he presently read with great care.

"Those seem to me the leading facts," he said. "I must now prepare a list of questions for Kelly, and then I think I have done all I can do for the present."

Two days later Kelly returned. It was late at night when he arrived at the priest's house, and came in a cab. Father Brandon evidently waited his coming with interest. He scanned the other's face as if desirous of reading his thoughts.

"Well?" he said, when the two were comfortably seated.

"I don't think my journey was altogether in vain," said Kelly quietly.

"No; I was sure it would not be. You are a good detective, Kelly. Neither of us was trained as a Jesuit for nothing."

"Of course," went on Kelly, "there is nothing startling; but there is some very interesting material. There is nothing that need concern us among the Bennetts. Old Bennett is a lawyer, a clever but unsuccessful man. He has been handicapped by a large family. He has never been able to leave the little town wherein he lives, and in that town there is but little scope for a man of his peculiar ability."

"Peculiar ability?" repeated Brandon.

"Yes; he has the name of not being over particular. His name has not been struck off the rolls, however."

"I see."

"Most of his children are married in a humdrum way. I need not trouble you with particulars just now. I have carefully written up all the facts, so that nothing may be wanting in that direction."

"Exactly."

"The interest lies with old Raymond."

"Tell me about him."

"To begin with, he is one of those narrow-minded Protestants, and he is a bigoted Dissenter. He has the name of being a very just man, but hard as nails—an old-fashioned Puritan of the Spartan type. That is where he fell out with his son. The son went to Cambridge, and got imbued with liberal ideas, and so—well, he did not get on well with his father."

"I see."

"Old Raymond wanted his son to marry a woman after his own heart, who would have brought a fortune of from forty to fifty thousand pounds. The son refused, and married one of Bennet's daughters, who did not bring him a penny."

"Yes, I was pretty well acquainted with all this before. But now tell me about old Raymond."

"For one thing, he is a millionaire."

"A millionaire! Nonsense!"

"I mean it. Literally he is a millionaire. I should not be surprised if he is a multi-millionaire, as the Americans call them; but certainly a millionaire."

"Pounds?"

"Yes, pounds; not dollars, or franks, but pounds. And more, his money is piling u plike mad. He has been a remarkably keen man of business. He began in a small way, but everything he touched turned to gold. People knew he was doing well, but few suspect the extent of his fortune. It's simply colossal."

"Is he a miserly old chap?"

"He's a funny mixture. Up to a few years ago he lived in a small way, and thus but few guessed the extent of his wealth. But about three years ago the Earl of———'s house fell into the market. You know the case. He went it like mad. Horse-racing, theatres, wine—the whole thing. Then the Jews got hold of him, and—well,

I need not go further. The estates were sold for three hundred thousand pounds."

"Yes, I remember reading about it."

"For a time it was a secret as to who bought them. Some said a syndicate, others said some rich Americans. But only those in the circle knew the truth. Well, he bought them."

"Three hundred thousand pounds! Does he live at the great house?"

"Not he. I am told that the farms are all let, and everything is kept in thorough repair; but no one lives there, except a housekeeper and a few servants."

"You are sure you are not mistaken?"

"Do you think I would be? I've worked like a galley-slave over the matter, and have verified every particular. You'll see when you read my notes."

"Yes, well?"

"Well, he owns a whole fleet of ships. He has had large connections with the Government, and has property everywhere. The greater part of the little town where he made his money belongs to him."

"No?"

"It is so, I tell you."

"Well, and how does old Raymond regard his son?"

"He scarcely ever mentions his name, but I have discovered that he's actually yearning for him. You see, the old man was in a terrible passion when the Raymond we know married Lucy Bennett. He drove him out of the house, and said he would leave all his money to charities. I really believe he would have forgiven his son if he had married any one but a daughter of old Bennett. You see, old Raymond has made his huge fortune in a perfectly legitimate manner. He has the reputation of being a strictly honourable man, and as such he has a perfect hatred for the ways by which Bennett manages to keep a house above him. All the same, I have discovered that he loves his son, even although he will not own it. I think I told you that he is a strong Nonconformist, and contributes largely to societies which exist for fighting Popery."

"Ha—ha!" laughed Brandon.

"You seem merry."

"Is there any wonder?"

Kelly looked at his senior steadily.

"Another scheme?" he said quietly.

"I always have schemes, as I have told you. The truth is, I am not cut out for a parish priest. I work in the parish because it is my duty to do so, and because I have my orders from headquarters. All the same, I want to convince the Provincial that it is not my strong point. But there's more yet. Raymond married Lucy Bennett—tell me the particulars of the wedding."

Kelly was silent for a minute.

"There could easily be trouble in that direction," he said presently.

"Trouble? How?"

"It was a civil marriage."

"No?"

"Yes. It is true it took place in a Dissenting chapel, but the thing was no real marriage."

"How? Tell me."

"Well, it seems that Raymond got a marriage license, and went to a young fellow who had just come out of an Independent college. He had not even gone through the mockery of a Nonconformist ordination. Of course, he read the Nonconformist marriage service, and repeated the necessary legal words; but, knowing you as I do, I know that you will regard it as irregular."

Father Brandon stroked his chin.

"This is serious," he said thoughtfully.

"I knew you would regard it in that way. You see, these Independent ministers take a church oft-times before they are what they call ordained. In this case I find that the ordination did not take place until a month after the marriage. Indeed he performed this wedding ceremony before he had preached his first sermon in the place as minister of the church. Thus, even from a Nonconformist standpoint, he was simply a layman. However, it seems that they take but little note of such matters. Of course, the registrar was there to make the thing legal.

Father Brandon started to his feet.

"I did not think of this," he cried. "I assumed that they would be married by some Episcopal minister. Not that this would make any difference, as no Episcopal minister's orders are valid in the eyes of the Church. All the same, we regard such as valid, though not lawful. Let me think a minute, Kelly; let me think." Evidently the priest was really perturbed. "It complicates matters," he said presently. "It makes the work more difficult. I am afraid that—that——"

"What?" said Kelly.

"I was hoping I could carry this thing through by myself, but I don't know. It is a very delicate piece of work—very. Let me think, now. Mrs. Raymond has become a Catholic. One of her children is in a convent school in Belgium. The rest—well, I have my plans concerning them. Raymond is an easy-going man, who dotes upon his wife, and will do anything to please her. Still, at present he is not inclined much in our direction. He is, however, in a fair way of rising in his profession. Indeed, he is in such a position that, if I think it wise to do so, I can do a great deal for him. Old Raymond is fond of money, isn't he?"

"He is one of those who despise failures."

"Exactly. If his son were recognized as a man of eminence, he would be softened towards him. But he hates Popery, eh?"

"As he hates the Devil himself."

"Just so. Is he a healthy man?"

"One of those hale, strong men who do not know what sickness means."

"Hm! I see. He may live many years!"

"He's over seventy."

"Still, men of his sort live to eighty—ninety sometimes."

"They often go off suddenly."

"True, true. Still, we have to recognize the other possibility.

No that does not trouble me; it is this so-called marriage. I see no way out of it."

"Out of what?"

"I'm afraid I must get Ritzoom down."

Kelly smiled.

"He's the cleverest man I know," said Brandon, "and has been dealing with this kind of thing all his life."

"Yes," replied Kelly; "I do not believe Europe knows his equal."

"He has what I do not possess."

"What is that?"

"Courage. He will dare anything. He is never afraid of making a bold move."

"He has more than that."

"What?"

"He has a far-seeing mind. Really he does not make bold moves—they are bold only to the outsider. He thinks out everything to the minutest detail, and then he acts. In reality he is the most cautious man in our Order, although his actions seem bold and daring. If the facts of this case were laid before him, he would see a hundred things which I do not see."

Again Father Brandon became silent. For fully ten minutes he sat staring into vacancy, while Kelly gave him occasional searching glances.

"So far," he broke out presently, "we have not made a single mistake. It is true I did not see the possibilities of the case when I became interested in it. I regarded it only as a means of saving the souls of this family. I knew that Raymond was anxious about the education of his daughter. That was why Dilton left the paper in his office. It seemed like an accident, and thus the first move in our direction apparently came from them. But it has borne fruit. Already the eldest daughter is under our influence, while the wife has become one of us. I did not think then of what we know now. Of course, I knew that old Raymond had money—but—but——"

Again he ceased thinking aloud. He lit another cigar, and lay back in his armchair with closed eyes.

"I think I see my way," he said presently.

"I don't think you do," said Kelly.

"Why?"

"Well, if I know the plan you have in your mind, you have not considered one factor."

"Is there some woman of whom I am ignorant?"

"No."

"Tell me, then."

"Do you know Raymond's greatest friend?"

"To be perfectly honest, I think I am his greatest friend."

"Ah! I thought I was right."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you've forgotten the man Harrington."

"Who's he? Oh, yes, I remember now. He's a barrister whom Raymond has briefed for this lawsuit."

"Yes, and he's a brother to our Harrington. Have you ever talked with him?"

"No; I met him once or twice, when I have been at the Raymonds',

but he struck me as a peculiarly dull sort of fellow. He scarcely spoke a word to me, and seemed to me to have no interest beyond that of playing with the children."

"That's where he deceived you. He's one of the cleverest young men at the bar. Oh, I've made inquiries. Directly I knew he was a friend of the Raymonds I made it my business to find out all I could. I inquired of young Rycroft, whom we both know, and on whose judgment we can depend. He assured me that he was bound to rise to the top of the tree, because of his extreme cleverness. But, more than that, he's a militant Protestant."

"Ah, I see."

Again Father Brandon was quiet for a time.

"Thank you, Kelly," he said presently. "I think I'll go to bed now."

The next day, after Walter Raymond had gone to his office, Father Brandon made his way to his house. He looked more thoughtful than usual, his lips were firmly set, and his face had a look of fixed determination, as though he had settled upon an important matter.

"It must be gone through at once," he said. "There is nothing like dealing with such circumstances as these with decision. Besides, it is bound to lead to important issues."

And he was right.

CHAPTER IV.

"Legal But Not Lawful."

Mrs. Raymond was glad to see Father Brandon that morning. She was suffering a reaction from the excitement of the events of the previous days, and was depressed in consequence. Two of the children had gone to school—a cheap school in the neighborhood—her husband had gone to his office, leaving her alone in the house except for the servant girl (for they were now able to keep a maid of all work) and the youngest child Walter.

Her husband, she reflected, had not been so thoughtful and attentive as usual. He had showed annoyance at the sight of her rosary and crucifix, and had looked almost angry when she told the children to cross themselves when grace was said at breakfast. It is true he had kissed her as usual when he rushed away to catch his train, but she felt as though there was a cloud between them. Besides, she did not feel the joy and the elation which she had felt when she had received her first communion. Then all was calm, and joyous, and beautiful; but now she was, in spite of herself, haunted with a sense of unreality.

As I have said, she was glad to see Father Brandon, and yet his coming was not an unmixed pleasure. Little by little she had become slightly afraid of him. During the last month he had assumed an air of authority which at times she felt like resenting. Had her

husband adopted a similar attitude towards her she would have grown angry, and perhaps have refused to speak to him for twenty-four hours. And while she had outwardly fallen in with the priest's wishes she had none the less felt irritated at his assumption of the right to command. It was out of accord with the habits of a lifetime, and while she was not a strong woman, either mentally or morally, she resented anyone making requests in the tones of command.

Still, she looked up with a wan smile when Father Brandon entered, and hoped that he would be able to explain away or charm away the sad thoughts and feelings which possessed her that morning.

"I did not see you at Mass this morning," said the priest after they had shaken hands.

"No; I did not feel very well, and I wanted to be home when Walter left for his office," she replied.

The priest was silent.

"Did you expect me?" she asked timidly.

"Of course," was the reply.

Again Mrs. Raymond felt slightly irritated. It was not pleasant to be treated as though she were a child.

"The sacraments of the Church are for the sustenance and guidance of her children," said the priest. "You are now one of the Church's children."

At this Mrs. Raymond's overtaxed nerves gave way, and she began to cry.

"You are not happy, my child," said the priest.

Mrs. Raymond still continued crying.

"You are not happy, my child," repeated Father Brandon solemnly. "I will tell you why."

At this Mrs. Raymond looked up questioningly. She hoped he would now say some kind of comforting words.

"You are now a child of the Church," went on Brandon, "and as such I must now speak to you. You have been snatched as a brand from the burning, and have been in a most remarkable way led into the light."

Mrs. Raymond did not notice the mixing of metaphors; she wondered too much about what the priest wished to say to her.

"I think I made it plain to you," he went on, "that in giving yourself to the Church, which is the spouse of Christ, you must give yourself completely, absolutely, keeping nothing back. The Church has always demanded that, even as did our blessed Lord when He was upon earth. On no other condition did He receive, and on no other condition can the Church receive. Without that there can be no peace, no joy."

"I thought I was very submissive, very penitent," said Mrs. Raymond.

"Yes," said Father Brandon, "you promised to obey in everything; but, pardon me, I do not think you have fulfilled your promise."

"Not fulfilled my promise?"

"No, not fulfilled your promise. Do not mistake me. I am not

angry, for I do not expect impossibilities. Nevertheless, I am come here to speak very plainly to you."

Mrs. Raymond looked at him with tears in her eyes.

"First of all," went on the priest, "there is the question of your children. They are not yet the children of the Church."

"I am sure" said Mrs. Raymond, "that Walter would never consent to that. Oh, you don't know, Father Brandon; but my husband has been different these last few days. He has been annoyed at my having a crucifix in my bedroom, and he spoke almost mockingly about my rosary."

"Then our work is all the greater, all the more important, my child," said the priest. "You can, of course, see that. Having entered into the light yourself, you cannot rest until your husband and children are also safe."

Mrs. Raymond sighed.

"I judge from your daughter's last letter that she was beginning to be influenced by the Church," went on the priest.

"Yes, I think so; but, Father Brandon, if Walter had the slightest idea that Joyce was likely to become a Catholic he would take her away at once."

"Then he must not have the slightest idea."

"But, Father——"

"There can be no 'buts,' my daughter, when it is a question of an immortal soul. Do you not remember how the blessed Apostle Paul caught certain with guile? That must be our work. If your husband is likely to hinder the working of the truth, then he must be kept in ignorance. I speak strongly on the subject, because it is a matter of such importance. How would you like to know that your child was in hell because you had failed to do your duty?"

"No, it would be terrible. But what can I do?"

"Your part is very simple. As you know, your eldest daughter's mind is beginning to be influenced. That is natural. It is true that no direct Catholic teaching is given in her school, nevertheless the whole atmosphere of the school is in favor of the Church. How could it be otherwise? And the atmosphere of a school matters more than direct teaching. If she were taught the errors of Protestantism, she would begin to argue and find reasons in favor of holding fast to it. But you cannot argue against atmosphere. You can only yield to it insensibly. She has been made to feel by a hundred things that Protestantism is no religion at all, and by those same hundred things she has been made to realize that there is no spiritual refuge save in the Church. That is why no Protestant child can go to one of our schools and still have the same feelings towards Protestantism. As a consequence your daughter Joyce has been drawn, almost unconsciously, towards the one true faith. Her heart is now ready for the seed which you must sow."

"But my husband said——"

"We will not consider your husband for the moment. No man must stand in the way of a soul's salvation. I say it is your work to begin to sow the seeds of truth in your daughter's heart, the heart which is now prepared for that seed."

"But what can I do?"

"You can write a letter to her, telling her that you have been led to embrace the truth, and that you have been received into the one true Church. Then you must tell her that the great hope and desire of your life is to see your children also safe in the same great home."

"Yes, yes, I will gladly do that, Father Brandon; but my husband commanded me to use no influence to make our children follow my example."

"I have just told you that we will forget your husband for the moment. How can one into whose heart the truth has not come be a safe guide in this matter? This is the question of an immortal soul, my child. Its eternal joy, or its eternal doom; yes, its eternal doom. Besides, all I am telling you to do is to write a motherly letter, such a letter as any true child of the Church should write to her daughter."

"Of course, I desire to see my child converted, Father Brandon, and, of course, I feel with you that my husband can be no guide in spiritual matters. But don't you see, Father? Joyce will naturally, in reply to my letter, repeat what I have written, and make remarks about it. Then, as Walter always opens her letters, he will see what I have done."

"You will have no need to fear on that score," said the priest, with a smile. "Your daughter will only write what your husband can read with perfect safety. Indeed, he will be reassured by the letter she will write."

There was a look of fear in Mrs. Raymond's eyes as she looked at the priest's face; but he went on quietly:

"Think of the joy of knowing that your child is safe. Think of what she can do for God. She is a bright, intelligent girl, and I have had glowing reports concerning her. She is distancing all the other girls in her studies, and promises to have a brilliant career. Think of what such a one can do for the Church, my child."

"Yes, yes, it would be beautiful," assented Mrs. Raymond.

"There is something else she will write," went on the priest. "She will say that she has received an invitation to spend her Christmas holidays with a friend in France. This friend will be of a Protestant family, and she will plead very hard to be allowed to go."

"But she has looked forward with so much eagerness to coming home for Christmas, and Walter has promised himself such a good time with her."

"That will be all right," said Father Brandon. "Mr. Raymond will be so busy by that time that he will be almost relieved at the thought of her not coming home, especially when he knows she will be going to a Protestant house. As a matter of fact, I know that this lawsuit, which has been such a long time coming on, will begin early in the New Year. It is a much bigger thing than was anticipated, and your husband will be eager to spend all his spare time during Christmas in working it up. Besides, I am not sure that he will not be relieved at the thought of Joyce being away from you."

"From me!"

"From you."

Mrs. Raymond was silent. She felt for the first time the reality of the barrier that was growing between herself and her husband.

"And now we have settled about Joyce," went on the priest, "there are the other children to consider. It must not be long before they are baptised."

"But they have been baptised."

"By whom?"

"I am sorry to say by a Nonconformist minister. As you know, all my husband's early associations were Nonconformist, and so when I mentioned their baptism he suggested a very good old man whom he much respected."

"And you took them to this—chapel."

"Well, you see, both Walter's father and mother were of this persuasion, and two of our children are named after them—Joyce and Walter. I must confess, too, that I thought it a beautiful service at the time."

"What did the minister say at the baptism?"

Mrs. Raymond hesitated.

"He said," she went on presently, "that we must not think that he was doing the children any specific good by baptising them. That he was not granting them any grace. That he was not changing them from the devil's children to God's children, for all children are God's children. What the service meant was that we were bringing them to dedicate them to God and His service, and promising to train them as Christian children."

"What were the words he used?"

"It was something like this," said Mrs. Raymond. " 'In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I give thee the name of Walter, and I dedicate thee to the service and life of God.' After that he prayed."

"Did he use water?"

"I think so. In one case I believe he did, but not in all."

"Not in all?"

"No; really, I did not trouble at that time, and Walter cared but little about it."

"Do you call that baptism?" said the priest solemnly. "Now tell me about your marriage."

"Oh, ours was a runaway marriage. The minister was such a nice young fellow."

"Tell me about it."

"There is not much to tell," said Mrs. Raymond. "Walter and I had been fond of each other before he went to Cambridge. When he had taken his degree, his father told him that he must marry a rich woman he had chosen, or else he would disown him. When Walter told me, I urged him to marry this woman, but he would not, and asked me to come to a registry office, and get married that way. I did not like this, so after my husband had obtained the license we went to a Congregational church, to which a young man, fresh from college, had just been appointed. You never saw anyone so nervous as he was. Walter and I were bad, but he was worse. Still, he conducted the service beautifully, and I have often wondered what has become of him."

"Is that all?"

"That is all."

"Then, my child, I am sure you would be much happier if you were married by a priest of the Church."

"Oh, if I only could be!" cried Mrs. Raymond, after which the two talked very earnestly together.

Little by little the woman's weaker will yielded to the stronger will of the man, backed as it was by the authority of the Church she had accepted. The priest was to her more than a man: he was the mouthpiece of a great mystical power which held her in thrall. Behind this man was the authority of the Roman Church, the Church which she had accepted as the manifestation of God's will on earth.

"Oh, what can I do?" she wailed.

"Do, my child? God has called you to a great work—a very great work. Your husband loves you, does he not?"

"A better husband, a more loving husband, never lived," said Mrs. Raymond almost hysterically. "He has borne with my weakness for years. Ofttimes I know I have been very trying and irritable, especially when I have been ill, but he has never murmured. He has been patient and loving through all."

"You must use his love for you as a means whereby you can lead him to embrace the faith."

"Oh, if I only could; but you do not know Walter, Father Brandon. He is not one who talks much, but he is one of those quiet, strong men. He will do nothing by force, neither will he do anything without being convinced in his own mind."

"Oh, I think I know; but that must not daunt us. I do not say that he will be converted in a month or a year; but we must never give up. The first step will be to lead him to marry you."

"Oh, he never will—never. That is, not as you think."

"But you say he loves you."

"Yes, but what has that to do with it?"

"Everything. When he sees how unhappy you are, when he finds himself alienated from you—what then? Your husband is a man of the world. At present all that we have been speaking about is so much nonsense to him. He will regard marriage as the union of hearts, the binding together by mutual vows. Very well, but he loves you. Presently he will be led to say, 'My wife is very unhappy. We are estranged. Why? Because I will not go through a ceremony that means nothing to me. But she is a woman. She is comforted by this new religion of hers. Why should I not, just to make her happy, yield to her will? I know men, my daughter, and that is how he will see things. This may not come in a day, or a month; but it will come. Then, when he has taken this step, he will have also taken the first step towards his conversion."

"Do you think so?"

"I am sure of it."

"But what am I to do?"

"For the present, nothing."

"But I must tell him of our conversation."

"No, not a word. Not until I tell you—then, of course, you may."

Again Mrs. Raymond wept bitterly.

"Until a few weeks ago there was never a shadow between us," she said. "We freely told each other all our thoughts. He has never kept anything back from me—even his business matters; and I have never failed to tell him everything."

"And I believe in the confidence which should exist between man and wife," said the priest, "but that can only be when they are both bound by the same ties. When your husband has embraced the faith, then a truer confidence will come back, and joys hitherto unknown will be yours. But until then we must be 'wise as serpents and harmless as doves.'"

The priest rose to go.

"I think I have made my meaning plain," he said quietly. "Remember, our work is to save the immortal souls of the man you call your husband and of your children, and to unite the family in the Holy Church. Be wise, my child, and be sure to consult me often."

Mrs. Raymond bowed submissively, but her heart was very sore. As for the priest, he walked away in a very thoughtful frame of mind.

"I must be very careful," he said. "Old Raymond and his son must be reconciled, but that will never be if the son accepts our faith. The whole matter bristles with difficulties. I am afraid, after all, I shall have to ask Ritzoom's advice."

CHAPTER V.

"I Shall Have To Take Counsel."

Walter Raymond's first impression concerning Father Brandon was not correct. He had been so delighted with his cheerfulness, his unclerical method of speech, and his sympathy towards the poor, that, as he declared to his wife, he impressed him as a man rather than as a priest. As a matter of fact, however, Brandon was an ultramontane Catholic of the deepest dye. By nature he was cheerful and sociable. He loved a joke, loved a glass of wine, and a good cigar. When speaking of ordinary matters he appeared broad-minded, almost to latitudinarianism, but in all matters of the Church he was an extreme ecclesiastic. Not that he had any great love for the duties of a parish priest. He believed in the office of the priesthood most intensely, believed in his sacerdotal powers without a shadow of doubt. He loved to be engaged in delicate pieces of work; he took great delight in affairs which presented difficulties and required careful handling. That, perhaps, was why the Raymond family had so interested him. He was not a thinker or a scholar, and yet he delighted in meddling with sophistries, loved to discuss niceties of doctrine. Not that he was successful in such matters. Truth to tell, although he was trained as a Jesuit, he often made mistakes, and allowed his prejudices to overrule his judgment. In short, Father Brandon, who longed to

be regarded as a diplomat, was, to use his own friends' opinion of him, "a bungler."

The case which now presented itself to him fascinated him beyond words, and yet, while it fascinated him, he felt his incompetence to deal with it.

When he reached his house, therefore, he fell into deep thought.

"Of course, in a sense the Church does accept baptisms and marriages as valid, even when no priest has been present," he said to himself. "Let me think, now."

He turned to a Catholic manual, and referred to the part of the book which dealt with marriage.

" 'In those parts of the world (as in England) where the decrees of the Council of Trent respecting matrimony have not yet been published, the presence of the Catholic parish priest is not essential for the validity of the sacrament; it is only required in order to render it lawful; but in those parts where the Council of Trent is officially published his presence is required to render the contract valid as well as lawful in the eyes of the Church.' "

He started up and walked around the room, evidently in deep thought.

"Then follows the questions of baptism," he went on presently. "Here, again, all baptisms are accepted as valid, even if they are performed by infidels and Jews. But here again are qualifications. First it must be in case of necessity, if these extraordinary means are used. Then the proper matter and form must be observed, and the one who baptises must intend to do what Christ ordained. Now was this the case with the Raymond children? First, it was not a case of necessity. They were in a state of ignorance at the time Then the proper matter and form were not used. And, more still, the minister did not intend what Christ ordained. He did not use water; he did not use the correct words; he did not regard the baptism as a sacrament at all, but simply as a dedication service. Evidently, therefore, no baptism was here intended, so it cannot be accepted."

As I said, Father Brandon, while partial to diplomacy, was a sacerdotalist of the strictest order, and, while he desired to act judicially, was from the standpoint of a Jesuit far from being a diplomat.

"What had I better do?" he said presently. "Two courses are before me. One is to go to Raymond boldly and tell him what his duties are. The second is to write to Ritzoom. But I do not like Ritzoom. I am afraid of him. Besides, he has become such an autocrat that I long to deal with this matter without consulting him. Why, let me think—if I can convert this family, and at the same time bring old Raymond's millions into the Church, I shall be a made man. I shall be admitted into the highest councils. But I must think. There is no immediate hurry, and I have need to be careful."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Raymond sat alone thinking. She was not at all happy. Somehow Father Brandon's visit had brought none of the joy that she hoped. Instead, he had imposed new burdens upon her, and told her of duties that she knew not how to perform.

"Walter will be in presently," she thought, and immediately a

feeling of fear came into her heart. Hitherto she had always looked to his home-coming with joy, but now she dreaded to hear his footsteps. Would he get to hear what the priest had said to her? She knew him to be a trustful man, but she knew, too, that he was not a man to be trifled with. When his mind was made up nothing could move him, and he rarely turned aside from the path he marked out.

"Walter," she said to her little boy, "come here a minute."

The child ran up to his mother.

"Did you notice anyone here today?"

"Yes, mother, that man with a shiny face—the man that has been here so often."

"You mean Father Brandon. You love him, don't you?"

"Don't know."

"But you should. He is such a good man, and has made your mother so happy."

"You used to look happier before he came here. What have you been crying for all the afternoon?"

"Crying? Nonsense, Walter."

"It's not nonsense," said the child stoutly. "I'm going to tell dad not to allow him to come again. I'm going to tell him that he makes you cry."

"Then you will make me very unhappy; and you would not like to do that, would you?"

"No—o," said the boy hesitatingly.

"Would you like to make mother very happy, Walter?"

"Course I would."

"Then you'll not say anything to dad about my crying, or about Father Brandon being here."

"But I don't like your crying," said the boy; "and before, when you used to cry with your bad headaches, dad always made them better."

"But things are changed now, Walter, and Father Brandon makes mother happy."

"Then he shouldn't."

"Not make mother happy! Why?"

"'Cause nobody but dad should do that."

"But you wouldn't like to make mother unhappy, Walter, would you?"

"Course not."

"Well, if you tell dad that I have been crying, or that Father Brandon has been here, you will make me very unhappy. So I want you to promise not to tell dad nor anybody."

"All right," said Walter. "I won't tell anybody if it would make you unhappy, but I wish that man would never come again."

"You shouldn't say that, Walter. He is a very good man, and God has given him great power, and if we do what he tells us we shall all be very happy."

Walter thought over his mother's words a moment, like one in doubt. Then a bright light flashed into his eyes.

"That's dad at the door," he cried, and he rushed down the passage to meet him.

Mrs. Raymond flew to the looking-glass to assure herself that her

eyes were not red, and then prepared to meet her husband. In spite of herself, she knew that matters had changed between them, and that she could not meet him as in the old days.

"Well, Lucy," said Walter, "have you had a good day? No more headaches, I hope?"

"No, none at all. Walter, my child, run up into the nursery. Dad wants his dinner in quietness."

"Let him stay," said Walter. "I like to have the young scamp around; he is such good company."

"Walter, really, I can't bear it just now. I'm afraid I'm going to have an attack of the nerves."

"I'm sorry for that," said Walter, sending the boy away. "Never mind, old man; I'll come up to you directly, and I'll tell you a jolly good story before you go to bed."

The lad went away with a sad heart, while Mrs. Raymond heaved a sigh of relief.

"Anything taken place through the day?" asked Walter, as he sat down to dinner. "Any friends called?"

"No, nobody in particular," said Mrs. Raymond, thanking her stars that she had sent the child out of the room before the question was asked. "Of course, Father Brandon is no one in particular," she said to herself, trying to ease her conscience.

"That's all right," said Walter. "I say, Lucy, you don't look well."

"It's my nerves again," she said. "Please don't say anything more about it, Walter."

Walter was silent. In his heart he blamed what he called the *fiasco* in which she had taken part during the last few days, but he said nothing. "She's a woman," he thought to himself, "and I suppose that kind of thing suits her."

"I must write to Joyce tonight," he said presently.

"Have you anything special to say to her?"

"No, but I know she likes to hear from home regularly, and you don't like letter-writing."

"To tell you the truth, Walter, I am afraid I am just suffering from my nerves a little because I have written to Joyce. I posted it a little hile ago. I wanted to be in time for the five o'clock despatch; also I wanted to save you the trouble of writing."

Walter looked up questioningly.

"You are indeed turning over a new leaf, Lucy," he said. What did you say to her?"

"Oh, nothing particular. Just a newsy, gossipy letter."

"I suppose you told her of your—of what—what do you call it?—conversion?"

"Of course, I told her that I had been received into the Church. There is nothing against that, I hope?"

"Oh, no; of course, she must know some time." He was silent a minute. Somehow, the thought of her being in a convent school jarred upon his nerves, and he wondered if his finances would in a few months stand the strain of sending her to a good English school.

"Tell me just what you wrote," he broke out presently.

"You are getting very suspicious, Walter."

"Suspicious?" he replied. "Suspicious? I am only anxious to know just what you said to our child."

"And I told you that I said nothing in particular." She said this petulantly, as if she were an injured person.

Walter sighed, and went on with his dinner.

"I am hoping Harrington will come in tonight," he said presently.

"I hope not," said Mrs. Raymond.

"Hope not! Why?"

"I don't like him."

"Don't like Harrington? A better fellow never breathed."

"A bigoted Protestant!" she answered sharply.

Walter laughed a little bitterly.

"Oh, I see," he said. "You wish to inquire into the theological whereabouts of my friend."

"It's not that," said Mrs. Raymond, "but I am sure that man has embittered you against my religion. But for him I believe you would have been present when I was received into the Church. I know he laughs at my faith, and regards it as pure nonsense. Indeed, he said as much before he knew my opinions about the Church."

"Lucy, don't drag your Church between me and my friendships," said Walter. "Harrington is one of the best fellows I know. He is a brilliant fellow., too, and I am more and more glad that I've briefed him in this law case."

"All the same, I don't like him," said Mrs. Raymond, "and I shall leave you together if he comes."

"Lucy," said Walter, "I've not interferred with your religion, but don't let it break up my friendships—don't let it alienate us."

By this time Mrs. Raymond was in a very nervous condition, and not able to completely control herself.

"It will only break up what is wrong," she said. "And if you fail to understand me it will be because your heart is closed to the truth."

Walter looked at her earnestly.

"What is the matter, little woman?" he said. "Surely something has put you out."

"How can it be otherwise while my husband fails to understand me?" she cried. "When he won't try to understand me, when he mocks my faith, the faith which is dearer to me than anything else."

"I have not interfered in the slightest degree with you," he said.

"No, but you have opposed me in your quiet way. I can see now that you've made up your mind that the children shall not be baptised into the true Church. You've acted just like an atheist."

Mrs. Raymond did not often lose control of herself so completely, and for a moment her unjust remark caused an angry retort to rise to her husband's lips' He restrained himself, however. He reflected that she was yet far from strong, and so he said nothing.

"I will go and have a romp with the children," he said. "Perhaps when I come down you will be better."

"I shall never be better until——"

"Until what?"

Mrs. Raymond burst into an uncontrollable fit of crying. Walter

remained by her side until her passion had subsided, then he put his question again.

"Until what?" he repeated.

"Oh, Walter, you don't know," she sobbed. "I am so miserable, and yet I could be so happy."

"Happy! We always have been happy until these last few months."

"Oh, Walter, my eyes have been opened! I am in the Church, and you are outside. I am safe, while you live in peril."

A gleam of anger came into Walter Raymond's quiet-looking grey eyes.

"Don't talk nonsense, Lucy," he said.

"I must say what is in my heart," she cried. Ever since the priest had left her she had been thinking about the advice he had given her, and now it seemed that her opportunity had come. "You do love me, Walter, don't you?"

"Love you? Of course I do."

"And you want to make me happy, don't you?"

"Why, yes, Lucy; you know I do."

"I know the things I believe in seem like foolishness to you, but, still, I think you might respect my wishes."

"I always have respected your wishes. Even although this step you have taken has been against my judgment, I have never opposed you."

"Yes, yes, Walter," she said, changing her tactics somewhat; "you have been very kind, but, oh! you don't know—you don't know."

"Don't know what?"

"How miserable I am."

"What about?"

"Oh! the children, myself and you."

"Well, tell me."

It was harder than she thought to tell him, but she continued in her method of attack.

"I do so want to be your wife really, Walter," she said. "I want to be a good wife. And since I have become a true Christian I have desired this more. But, Walter, has it ever occurred to you that we were never properly married?"

"Never properly married? Good Heavens, no!"

"Oh, I know we were legally married; but we were not married by a priest of the true Church; therefore—oh, Walter, it would make me happy if you would let Father Brandon marry us according to the rites of the Church—so happy."

"Is that all?" said Walter quietly. His heart felt a little hard and bitter, but he did not show it in his speech.

"It would mean nothing to you, would it?" she said eagerly.

"No, nothing."

"And no one need know."

"Is that all?" he repeated.

"Of course, it is not all. I shall never be supremely happy until you are also received into the Church."

"We'll rule out that," he said quietly. "I understand that what

you want now is that we go through another marriage ceremony with Father Brandon. Is that all?"

"There are the children."

"Well, what about them?"

"They've never been properly baptised."

"I see."

"Oh, Walter, you will consent to making them safe, won't you? It's nothing to you; but it is so much to me. This afternoon I could not help thinking about the possibility of their death. Suppose because of any neglect on my part, they were to go to hell!"

Walter Raymond was silent. He could not trust himself to speak.

"I know it means nothing to you. It did not to me until I was led into the light. But seeing it means nothing to you and it means so much to me, will you not be kind to me, Walter? It can be done rightly. No one will know—except Father Brandon."

An irreverent expletive rose to Walter Raymond's lips, but he did not allow it to escape him.

" Will you, Walter, dear? You will please your foolish little wife, won't you?"

Suiting the action to her words, she rose and put her arms around his neck.

"And if I will not?" he asked quietly.

"I will not consider that," she said. "You will not deny me, will you? Call it my foolishness. Say I am just silly and childish, like most women are. It can't do any harm, and, oh! it will make me happy."

"If I will not?" he repeated in the same uqiet tones.

"Then—oh, Walter, I dare not think. Perhaps—perhaps I shall have to decide that I cannot be your wife any longer. I shall have to take counsel."

"Counsel? Of whom?"

She sobbed convulsively on his shoulder.

"Of Brandon, I suppose. It was he who suggested this to you. It was he who caused you to speak to me about this. It is he to whom you will report our interview."

At this she was silent. She dared not speak.

"I suppose you tell him everything now?" he went on. "You tell him what you will not tell me."

"You do not understand, Walter. How can you? You are outside the fold. He is appointed by the Church to hear confessions and grant absolution."

"Tell me this. Has this man already assumed the office of your adviser? Is he to stand between you and me?"

"Walter, you know you could not advise me on spiritual matters. But you will make me happy, won't you? As you say, it means nothing to you, but it means everything to me—everything, Walter."

She moved from him that she might have a better look at his face. She could not understand the strange tones of his voice; his pale, set features almost made her afraid.

"I promised to go into the nursery and play with the children," he said presently. "The boy is waiting for me. I will certainly think over what you have told me."

"And you can make me so happy," she said as he left the room.

Walter Raymond did not stay long with his children. He found himself moody and silent even in the midst of his games with them; and when at length he tried to tell them a story he utterly broke down.

"Dad's head is aching," he said at last.

They came to him and kissed him. Bright, happy children they were, without a care in the world. It is true the nursery was only an attic, and it was by no means comfortable; but they did not seem to heed its shabbiness or discomfort. Rachel was a brown-haired, brown-eyed girl of fourteen; Madaline was twelve, a quiet, grey-eyed little maiden; while Walter was a sturdy, argumentative boy four years younger.

"Put us to bed, dad," said Walter. "I always like you to put me to bed."

"How many of you have your bath tonight?" asked the father.

"Only me; the girls have theirs in the morning," said Walter junior.

"Very well," said the father. "I'll give my little sonny his bath, and then I'll come and hear you girls say your prayers."

A little later the children knelt around his knee and offered their simple prayers. "Please God, bless dad and mother, and Joyce and everybody. Make me a good boy, and, please God, may everybody have enough to eat, and may all little children have a good dad nearly as good as mine; and save the heathen, and bring us all home to heaven when we die. Amen. I say, dad, what does mother mean about the Virgin Mary and the saints? Last night she made us say a lot of funny stuff."

Young Walter asked this question in the same breath with his prayers.

"I'll find out, old man. Good-night, and God bless you."

"Good-night, dad. God bless you."

Practically the same prayer was offered by the girls, followed by the same "Good-night, dad. God bless you."

"Good-night, my darlings," he said as he left them, "and God will bless you."

He hurried downstairs, and then, without going to the room where his wife was, took his hat and went out alone.

(*Continued in Next Issue.*)

EDITORIAL NOTES AND CLIPPINGS.

THERE is much evidence in view tending to prove, that the Jesuits, the 4th degree Knights of Columbus, and the three Irish cardinals, *have got ahead of the music.*

In other words, the main body of American Catholics—men and women, youths and maidens—are heeding the danger signal, "*Stop, look, listen!*"

The Italian potentate's sworn subjects—the priests—are *too* eager, *too* active, *too* bold.

You remember what Talleyrand used to say to his diplomatic agents, as a last word of advice, before sending them to their posts?

"Above all, no *zeal.*"

Again, we have read of the mottoes written above the three gates, of the town, in the days "when Knighthood was in flower":

Over the first gate was inscribed, "Be bold": over the second, "Be ever bold": over the third, "Be not *overbold.*"

The American subjects of the Italian potentate have not been guided and governed by these sage admonitions. Where they should have been quietly earnest, they have been fanatically *zealous.*

Where they might have safely been bold, they have been defiantly, truculently, and lawlessly *overbold.*

If you are a man approaching threescore, as I am, you can remember that our daily papers never mentioned the pope's name, until 1870, when the Italian Catholics rose against priest-rule, and put an end to it.

After that, and until the opening of the 20th Century, the pope dropped from American view. Is it not so?

Since the dawn of the new century, all is changed. The daily paper must have its daily dose of papal dope. The Italian potentate has had a vision of a Virgin, or a case of belly-ache, or a misery in his most blessed legs, or something of the sort.

The pope has said this, and the pope has done this, and the pope has again expressed his inexhaustible affection for Protestant America, and the pope has been most graciously pleased to sell two red hats at $10,000 apiece, to two fat Irishmen, named Farley and O'Connell; and the pope has whispered confidentially to Roosevelt's messenger, and then to the messenger of Taft; and the pope was benevolently gratified when he got Seven Million dollars of our money for a small portion of his property in the Philippines; and the pope was angered at France's pulling out of his yoke, angered at Portugal's ditto, and pleased when the Catholic assassin's knife slew Canalejas, putting a check on Progress in poor old Spain.

That he has now expressed intense joy for Tumulty's success in carrying out Jesuit plans, and plunging us into a war with Mexico, is nothing more than was to have been expected.

What Maximilian could not do, may now be done in a different way. What our Government did for Romanism in the Islands, it is expected to repeat in the stricken land where Spanish bandits, cleric and lay, have robbed the natives, ever since the Cortez buccaneers overran the country.

Throughout the period, beginning with the year 1900, the Romanist leaders in the United States have shown *too much* zeal and have been *overbold.* They counted too much on

the venality and the cowardice of our politicians and our daily papers. The priests were too contemptuous of the Protestant preachers. The priests were too certain that they could not overestimate the ignorance, the indifference, and the credulity of the American people.

In a word, the Italian plotters, and their Irish-German allies, fell into the mistake of underestimating the foe. They were in such a hurry to make America Catholic, that they couldn't tell a sleeper from a corpse.

They *saw* that Protestantism was asleep, and they believed it to be dead. Such Roman radicals and fire-eaters as "Father" Phelan, "Father" Vaughan, Archbishop James Quigley, and Bishop Schrembs loudly proclaimed the death of Protestant principles, and the triumph of Rome.

During all this period, Cardinal Gibbons, Jesuit, was pussy-footing, in and out, in and around, back and forth, eating canaries, at the national capital.

He ate the bird, pocketed the feathers, and got off with it, before anybody suspected what he was doing.

He softly inserted a stomach pump into Uncle Sam, and began to empty that old man of his ducats. It was sadly against the law, but Jesuits know no law, save that of Rome; and Rome's law, unchangeable and inexorable, is, "Get *money!* Get it honestly *if that's easier, BUT GET IT.*"

Gibbons got it, year in and year out, for Romanist "Charities", for Indian Catholic schools, for Romanist chaplains, and for Romanist monuments.

The oily old Jesuit did not stop at easing Uncle Sam of his surplus money. Oh no. Give Rome an inch, and it goes after the landscape.

Gibbons established a "Cardinal's Day" in the capital of the Republic; and on this Catholic festal occasion, he summons the highest officials; and they came to do him honor, and to kiss his ring.

The President, the Cabinet, the Supreme Court, the Congress, all prostrate themselves, and do reverence to Rome, in the person of James Card. Gibbons, *Prince of the Papal Court!*

Is that all? By no means. The Jesuits manipulated the Catholic ambassadors and ministers of Central and South America, until the Pan American Union was formed; and then, by smoothly managed progress, the pope's so-called "religion" was made to appear to the world *as the State religion of this unlawful Pan-American Union.*

This new combination of States, which the Constitution does not authorize, which the people have never endorsed, but which Congress *finances*, will not permit the exercise, under its auspices, of any other religious functions than those of Rome.

Every function of the Pan-American Union must be either Roman Catholic, or purely secular.

Have you reflected upon the logical, inevitable tendency of this?

But even these challenges to American law and sentiment were not enough for the foreign potentate who so insanely believes that he can set his system above ours, and rule our minds through the spells of hoary, imposing, gorgeous, and thoroughly organized ceremonials. His American priests have been overbold in fetching the Trojan horse inside the walls, *while we were looking, and knowing what was concealed inside.*

The so-called Gary system of education, *is Rome's ambuscade.* Within it, well hidden, are the deadly enemies of our Protestant principles, our popular institutions, our system of self-government, and our blood-bought liberties.

When public schools, maintained by the State's money, are devoted to religious teaching, then the Trojan horse is within the citadel, and the city is on the straight road to its fearful doom.

Shame on the pseudo Protestant preachers of New York, Brooklyn, Boston and Chicago, that they are so blind as not to know a Romanist pitfall when they see it. *Sworn foes of our Government and our laws*, the priests care nothing for violating the

basic principle which was meant to forever separate church affairs from State affairs: but the Protestants who collude with the papists to do this lawless, calamitous thing, *are traitors to Church and State.*

Used by the priests, as accomplices in crime against the Constitution, these false Protestants will be scornfully shoved aside by their pals, *after* Rome has secured the general adoption of the Gary plan.

Moreover, the priests have been too zealous and overbold in their illegal boycotts, their threats against those who expose the rottenness and paganism of Rome; their underhanded and malignant prosecutions of Protestant publishers; their brutal outrages upon Protestant lecturers; their shameless advertisements for women to live with, as "housekeepers"; their kidnapping of Protestant children; their prostitution of Juvenile Courts, which, in their hands, are the supply sources of the pope's slave pens; their insolent violation of the Constitution of the United States, in holding 58,000 American women to incarceration and involuntary servitude; and *their treasonous refusal to permit the State to liberate those imprisoned women.*

Infatuated, and intoxicated with recent successes, *this foreign church*, obeying its Italian sovereign, *has arrogantly demanded that Protestant literature be denied access to the mails*, whenever it ridicules, or reflects on religious tom-foolery—such as toe-kissing, candle-toting, Holy bone stunts, Holy water miracles, St. Anthony cures; bailing souls out of purgatory, at so much per soul; forgiving sins at the confessional, regardless of what God thinks about it; besliming pure girls and chaste wives, at the confessional, with the unspeakable filth of a bachelor priest's prurient mind; creating the Creator out of a baked piece of dough, and then eating this Creator at the altar rail.

The climax of priestly imprudence and bad management was reached, when they preached death to Gaynor, in New York, death to President Madero, in Mexico, death to William Black, in Texas.

Then came their amazingly stupid demand, that an obnoxious publisher whom they couldn't convict before one jury in Georgia, be dragged out of his State, for trial in several others, to the utter disregard of the oldest laws of personal privilege—jury trial, in the neighborhood of the defendant, by his equals, and among those who know *him*, and know the witnesses in the case.

In short, the pope's American subjects, the priests, have gone to such lengths in revealing their contempt of American principles, and have drawn such unprecedented drafts upon the faith of laymen, that *the clerical bank-account is dangerously low.*

Catholic girls are beginning to ask the priests some troublesome questions, indicative of mental disturbance, Catholic maidens are wanting to know *why* any church and any priest should take advantage of a pure girl, and pollute her mind with "obscene matter, too filthy to be spread upon the records of a Federal Court."

If too rank for the *men*, of the court, why not too rank for the Catholic daughter, sister, or wife, in the confessional?

Spread upon the records of a court, it is harmless, because buried and forever out of sight; but spread upon the modest, sensitive, but *inflammable*, mind of an adolescent girl, or a young wife, or a lusty widow, those bestial questions *live*, germinate, and bloom into Passion flowers—to the undoing of countless American women.

Catholic fathers, and Catholic husbands have not been deaf to this long discussion, nor inattentive to the cases which foolish priests have instigated the Government to try; and those Catholic laymen are not surrendering wives and daughters to priestly keeping, so blindly as heretofore.

Many a Catholic girl will now marry a Protestant boy, without that written

contract surrendering his prospective children to the Italian pope.

Many a young Catholic will tell you, "under his hat," that he does not believe the priest can forgive sins, release souls from purgatory, or create his Creator out of a bakery-cooked wafer.

Many a Catholic layman, sincerely attached to our Government and institutions, is being deeply concerned at *the introduction of papal laws to override ours*—such papal laws as, *that no law of the State, OR OF THE REPUBLIC, can legalize a marriage, unless a bachelor priest officiates.*

In many directions, I see signs that the fanatical priests are losing touch with the conservative laity; *and that the 4th degree Knights of Columbus are exciting the distrust of honest, patriotic Catholics.*

The following is taken from the Minneapolis *Searchlight*, a weekly paper published in Minnesota:

F. B. Jordan, of Minneapolis, an anti-Catholic lecturer, who was chased all over the State and persecuted last year by M. C. Brady, a lawyer who held an appointment from Governor Hammond as Special Assistant States Attorney-General for the State of Minnesota, as reported exclusively in the Searchlight a few months ago, had a new experience with the powers that be, at Ortonville last Sunday, March 5. Jordan had a lease on Shumaker Hall and had a receipt for the rent pain in full.

Jordan arrived at Ortonville Saturday afternoon and was met at the hotel by the chief of police, who informed him that he had been sent by the mayor to tell him (Jordan) that he could not lecture in Ortonville. Mr. Jordan asked the chief if the mayor owned the hall that he had rented and the chief replied, "No, but we have made arrangements with the owners to cancel your lease." Mr. Jordan replied that that proceeding was regular under the cannon laws of the Catholic Church, but that under the laws of Minnesota a lease could not be cancelled in that manner. Then the chief departed for further instructions.

That night at 11:30 Shumaker, the owner of the hall, came down to the hotel and tried to get Jordan to accept the money back that he paid for rent, but Jordan refused to do this and Shumaker threw the money on the cigar case at the hotel and went home. Jordan ignored both the money and Shumaker's peevishness and retired.

At 12:45 p. m. Sunday Jordan and his assistant, F. W. Hardy, went up to the hall and walked in, finding the hall open. Jordan's lease that he had signed by Shumaker caller for the use of the hall "Sunday afternoon and evening, March 5." Sitting in the ante room of the hall was a fellow with a large "bay window" who said his name was B. A. (no, not B. S.) Hess, and that he was the janitor. He ordered Jordan to get out, but Jordan told him that he had the hall rented and paid for and that he intended to stay there. Hess threw off his coat and grabbed Jordan, saying that he would throw him out. Jordan succeeded in getting loose from his clutches and stepped back and ordered Hess to keep his "hands off," and for some reason Hess obeyed and left the hall, saying that he would get a club and come back.

After Hess left, Jordan locked the doors and remained in the hall and in a short time, while Jordan and Hardy were playing the piano and singing a hymn, the doors were forcibly broken and the mob rushed in, headed by Shumaker, the owner of the hall, and accompanied by Bertleson, the chief of police, and the same Hess who had gone out after a club. There were three other thugs in the mob whose names we will publish later.

Shumaker rushed up to Jordan, grabbed him around the neck, jerked him off the piano stool and onto the floor. **Jordan, on seeing the chief of police, demanded protection, or demanded to be dealt with according to the law by the service of a warrant, but the chief replied, "I cannot do anything for you as you are resisting them."** They dragged Jordan across the floor and one man grabbed him by the throat and choked him so that he could not speak, and every one of **the mob seemed to take delight in seeing how hard he could kick Jordan. Jordan was so badly bruised that he required the attention of a physician.** After the physician's examination Jordan found that he had no broken bones and when he had his bruises bound up **he got in a farmer's rig and rode to the battle-ground and delivered his speech on the open street in front of the hall.**

Thus, from Minnesota to Florida, from New Jersey to Savannah, the lawless, murderous spirit of Romanism is the same.

In 1895, the priests were burning "heretics" in Mexico, torturing them in the Philippines, and leaving them to die in dungeons in Central America.

The Knights of Columbus beat Van Swearingen out of the Mayoralty, be-

cause he refused, at their insolent demand, to throttle free speech in Jacksonville.

The Mayor of Tampa closed upon Billy Parker the city-owned hall, which Parker had secured for his lecture. The Knights of Columbus mobbed and drove out the Protestant lecturers in Newark and Patterson.

A Methodist preacher had his face slapped by a Knight of Columbus, in Jacksonville, because the minister had preached against Romanism from his own pulpit. The President of Mercer University, Rev. Dr. W. L. Pickard, had his life threatened, and his family foully libelled, because he preached sermons against Romanism in Savannah.

I wonder if these American zealots of a foreign master have entirely gone daft? I wonder if they are so obtuse as not to realize that, *attempts to suppress talk, makes more talk?*

It is either too late, or too soon, to gag the press and close the mouths of free-born Americans. If Big Money and the Roman vote can continue to elect such men as Taft and Wilson to the Presidency, and continue to obtain from them the veto of bills restricting Immigration, the Italian potentate who controls some millions of our citizens, may enforce in this country two more of his fundamental laws, namely; the suppression of free speech and the censorship of the press.

He already has two of his laws in force, the Ne Temere and the Motin Proprio: the one nullifies our Marriage laws, and the other withdraws the priest from the civil jurisdiction of our courts.

The K. of C. bills now pending in Congress—the Fitzgerald and the Gallivan monstrosities—propose that the Postmaster-General be clothed with authority to condemn the citizen, *unheard;* to confiscate his property by "*a ruling;*" to ignore "due process of law," and to deprive the citizen of trial by jury.

These Knights of Columbus bills imply that the 300,000 renegade Americans belonging to the pope's militant Columbians are in hearty accord with Innocent the Great who laid the curse of Rome upon Magna Charta, excommunicated the rebellious Catholic barons, degraded the Catholic archbishop, Langton, and released the tyrannical King John from his oath to respect said Great Charter.

Stephen Langton and the barons compelled the Norman monarch *to swear* that no free man should be dispossessed, or deprived of his property, save by due process of law, meaning proceedings in court and a trial by jury.

Pope Innocent eternally damned that doctrine.

So do the 300, renegades who have become the 4th degree Knights of Columbus.

Through Fitzgerald and Gallivan—and poor little Seigel—they propose to give *one man*, the power to destroy, *in ten words*, a publishing business which may be worth a hundred thousand, or a million dollars, and without any hearing or trial, public or private.

With such a law on the books, and with a Catholic in the office of Postmaster-General, the Italian pope would merrily make ducks and drakes out of non-Catholic publishers.

But the Gallivan-Fitzgerald-Seigel bills are not more monstrous than the Juvenile Court bill now pending in Congress.

Incredible as it may sound, this new measure proposes to give to *one man*, the power to hear cases against children, *PRIVATELY*, *without notice to parents, guardians and relatives*, and to railroad Protestant children into the hell-holes of Rome!

Boys and girls to be sent into slavery, possibly for life, without a public hearing, and without trial by jury.

Great God! What's the matter with the Protestants in Congress?

Where are the Masons?

Can Tumulty hypnotize all the Senators every time? Can Gibbons, Russell and Ketchum hoodoo Congress on *any* proposition?

Friends! Be up and doing! Write to the Representative from your Con-

gressional district, and both your Senators.

Write *at once*, and put it *STRONG*.

Consider carefully the picture—shown as frontispiece; the man in the centre *was* Priest Henry Jajesky. The women are Catholics. She on the left of Henry was holding the hand of another priest, whose face does not appear. The figure on the extreme right is another priest, and a handsome, genial, lusty-looking chap he is too. The lady who is playfully chucking him under the chin, is also handsome, genial and lusty-looking; and she *was* the "housekeeper" of the burly brute who sat smoking in the centre.

This picture appeared some weeks ago, in *The Twin City Reporter*, accompanied by two interesting statements—*three*, in fact:

(1) That "Father" Henry and two other priests had spent three weeks with three young Catholic women, in a cottage, at a lake resort, said cottage containing—as luck would have it—just three rooms.

(2) That a married woman, member of Henry's church, mother of five children—*four of whom he had baptized*—had sued Father Henry for damages for an assault committed upon her person; and that after two mistrials, "Father" Henry had defeated the injured wife, mother and devout member of his church.

(3) That the notoriously immoral life of Father Henry had been repeatedly called to the attention of Archbishop Ireland, and the archbishop had followed *papal precept and law*, by ignoring the charges.

When I saw the picture in the Minneapolis paper, it impressed me as so typical of the impudent imposture called *celibacy*, that I clipped it out, and sent it to the engravers to have a cut made of it.

On the day the cut arrived from the engravers, "Father" Henry was shot and killed by the wronged Catholic woman who had vainly sought redress at law.

The libertine was in his church at the time of the shooting, and he was surrounded by women who were said to have been "confessing." The woman whom he violated, had been attending his services for nine years. Her husband was a Catholic and the brutal priest had baptized four of her children; yet, according to her testimony, the beast took advantage of her in her own house, *at confession*, dragged her to her husband's bed, and forcibly dishonored her, in spite of all her prayers and struggles.

Another Petrarca case.

Cardinal O'Connell did nothing against the Massachusetts priest, *who ravished a Catholic woman in a Catholic church;* and Archbishop Ireland refused to do anything against Henry, *although the Catholic woman had three times sworn to the crime, in open court.*

The popes, the cardinals, the archbishops and the bishops know what celibacy is. *They've been celibates themselves.*

Several years ago, a Louisiana friend sent me a clipping which told of the Iberville priest, indicted for sodomy committed on his altar boys.

There were 22 of these indictments, which leads one to suppose that the priest had done the unnatural act with 22 Catholic boys.

The whole prosecution collapsed, because the Catholic parents forbade their boys to testify against the priest.

It was announced that he had been transferred, and we lost sight of this particular "Holy one of God."

Last year, he—or another priest of the same name—departed this life; and he was given a gorgeous funeral from the Romanist cathedral, after the loftiest kind of High Mass, and the performance of all sorts of dofunnyisms with incense, holy water, wax candles, genuflexions, street parade, and so forth.

A great deal of Latin was chanted and quite a few magic words were uttered in that tongue; and if this sodomite priest did not sail clear over purgatory, it was no fault of Rome's.

The Steel Trust squeezed mankind for net profits of $147,000,000 last year.

The 18,000,000 American citizens en-

gaged in Agricultural pursuits have never made that stupendous sum of money, in any year since the Wall Street, Boston, and Philadelphia bankers compelled the Government to destroy the paper currency which saved the Union in the Civil War.

The following item appears in The Savannah *News*, March 19, 1916:

> Penniless and realizing he soon would be unable to follow his trade, John Hollenbeck, 60 years old, a painter, lay down on a cane lounge in his dark workroom in the rear of the Flood and Gray paint shop at 18½ Bay Street, East, overlooking the river, folded his hands across his chest with his right thumb against the trigger of a revolver, placed the muzzle against the roof of his mouth and ended his life.

An industrial system which has been so manipulated by national legislation that there are tens of thousands of John Hollenbecks, killing themselves in despair for *want of work*, while one Trust—just *one*, out of hundreds of similar monstrosities of Class-law, heaps up a mountains accumulation of loot—wealth such as Crœsus never imagined and Dumas never dreamed of—such a system is as far removed from Justice, Equity, Morals, and Statesmanship, as Hell is from Heaven.

It was this Trust that used our battleships as freight barges at Progress, when Carranza had laid upon the Catholic slave-kings of Yucatan which they refused to pay, and Carranza had blockaded their port to enforce payment.

Judge Gary of the Steel Trust managed to have President Tumulty and his Princeton assistant order our warships to the slave-kings' port, and these war-vessels of our defied Carranza by hauling the sisal hemp away—the Steel Trust needing the hemp as an ingredient to that net yearly profit of $147,000,000.

John Hays Hammond, the gold-mine expert, is one of the most dangerous men of all the buccaneers. He was one of those who plotted the downfall of the Boer Republics. Captured when Dr. James' premature raid was defeated by President Kruger's men, Hammond was sentenced to death. Unfortunately for the peace of the world he bribed his keepers, for about $150,000, and made his escape from South Africa.

He was one of the men who stayed close to President Taft, and steered that flabby personage to his downfall. At present, he is equally close to Wilson, and has got the Princeton man—with Tumulty's aid—headed for Salt River.

But in the meantime, Hammond at last has the intense satisfaction of seeing us at war with Mexico, where he is part-owner and manipulator of enormously valuable gold mines.

The U. S. troops, now on Mexican soil, are already costing our taxpayers $70,000 a day; and, of course, the farther they penetrate into the country, the greater the expense.

Then will come the casualties, the sickness, the wounds, the deaths; and, finally, the pension bills for generations to come.

But what do such gold-hunters as Hammond, and Hearst, and Guggenheim, and Potter Palmer care?

They care as little as Cortez cared; as little as Pizarro cared; as little as Morgan cared.

(I mean, of course, the most respectable of the Morgan buccaneers, Henry Morgan, the pirate, who sacked Panama, and wasn't afraid to go out and fight for his loot. I don't mean the Wall Street Morgans who do their stealing behind closed doors, in sumptuous offices.)

After General Funston—who tries so pathetically hard to look like General Grant—shall have conquered Mexico again, and the golden quarry lies ready for the American "concessionaires," it will be an edifying spectable to see Hammond, Hearst, Guggenheim, Palmer & Co. go down to exploit the resources for which they sent braver men to fight.

In Europe the word of one man plunged twelve Christian nations into the bloodiest war of history, and the

one man was himself a Christian, calling himself "the sword of God," and, saying that God was with him, even in the Belgian, Polish, Servian, Armenian, and submarine atrocities.

Can it be said that Society is rightly organized, when one man can send twelve million men to battle?

Can it be said that the Christian religion is a practical success, when there is more bloodshed, public and private *in Christendom*, than in the Buddhistic and Confucianist parts of the globe?

Even the Mohammedans would not have been in the war if the Christian Germans had not pulled them in.

Unless the signs of the times are misleading, the end of this Armageddon will mark the beginning of the end of some other things.

The high-priests of the Protestant churches are on perilous quicksands when they become accomplices of Catholic priests, in violating the basic laws of this Republic, and in attempting to take out democratic foundations in order that monarchial and sacredotal foundations shall take their place.

"Reforms" which have to be enforced by changing our original Constitution and Bills of Right are ruinous to civic and religious liberty.

If I become so fanatical in my determination to compel *you* to conform to *my* habits, and to wear what I wear, eat what I eat, drink what I drink: if I become a monomaniac over *my* fad and *my* theories, demanding the radical change of personal-liberty laws that are older than Magna Charta: if I demand the right to search your dwelling, and spy on your table, for the purpose of seeing whether you have in your possession more than a quart of liquor, then I am a dangerous lunatic who ought to be put in a straight jacket, and confined for medical treatment in some sanitary sanitarium.

Do the 4th degree Knights of Columbus owe first allegiance to a foreign potentate?

Here's a priest who says they *do*:

At a well attended and enthusiastic meeting of Birmingham Council No. 635, Knights of Columbus, Monday night, announcement was made that because of so many candidates being in sight, the Class Initiation that was planned for this month would be held on the first Sunday in April. The class will be made up of no less than 100 candidates and it is expected that it will be the largest ever put through by the local Council. Congratulations have been received already on the work in the way of getting up new candidates by other Councils throughout the South and promises are being made to assist in the work that will be put on.

Charles Fleming, Grand Knight of Birminghm Council, admonished all members to put their shoulders to the wheel and render such assistance as possible in carrying on the work and bring about an initiation that will redound not only to the credit of the local organization but to the State.

Address to Candidates.

The following excerpt from an address delivered by Rev. Father Dugan to a class of candidates in Memphis recently, was read to the members of the Council here:

"The honor of God, the keeping of His word, the propagation of the faith, **the defense of His church— this is the first, foremost and paramount duty of all, but specially of the Knights of Columbus, who have made their promise of undying fealty and devotion to God and His church.**

But after this, and secondly, are you pledged, Knights of Columbus, to loyalty, patriotism and devotion to our country, to defend the honor of our triumphant flag and the integrity of our glorious constitution with all things, even with life itself. In times of great stress you are to be found in the front ranks of her defenders; in times of peace you are required, above all others to exemplify good citizenship. And this demands that a man place aside his personal interests and at whatever sacrifice consider first the common good.

That's plain enough. The church referred to is the Italian pope. He rules it, *as a sovereign*, whose word is infallible and whose law must be obeyed without question.

Therefore, the priest told the K. of C. what we have so often charged, and

they so often denied, that the first paramount allegiance of Roman Catholics is to the foreign potentate whose word absolutely controls their church.

Tolerated aliens, should be the Romanist status in this country, *for they* are under a *foreign allegiance*, which an immigrant has to swear off, before he can become anything more than a tolerated alien.

The New York Times of March 18th had a local, beginning in these words:

Father McGinnis Says Irish Must Protect Church Institutions.

The findings of the Strong charities investigation was attacked last night as a campaign of villification for the purpose of making the Church subject to the State, "a campaign in which the press has taken part," by the Rev. W. F. McGinnis, pastor of St. Bridget's Roman Catholic Church at Westbury, L. I., in speaking at the fourth annual dinner of the St. Patrick's Society of Queens, held at the Biltmore. Magistrate James J. Conway, presided.—Birmingham, Ala., News.

So, its all wrong to make the Roman Catholic church subject to the State!

This admission helps clear up matters.

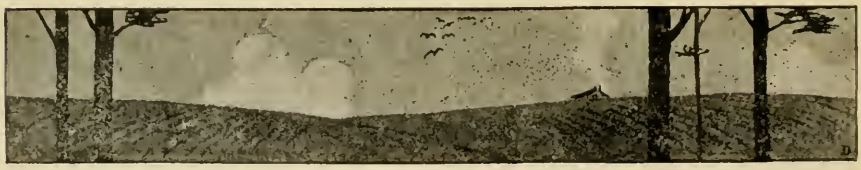
Mayor Gaynor was threatened with death, by priests in their pulpits, because he proclaimed his purpose to investigate the Catholic "charities" which are financed with city funds.

Following these pulpit threats of assassination, came the assassination.

The investigation which Gaynor intended, is now under way, and a shocking state of affairs is being exposed in these priest-and-nun controlled charities. The inhuman treatment of friendless orphans, and the swinish filth in which they were kept and starved, created a profound sensation.

Hence, the rage of the priests. They sure don't like to be uncovered.

Just as they furiously oppose the State-inspection of their convent brothels, so they savagely assail those who reveal hideous maltreatment of friendless, helpless children, such as Dickens never imagined, even at Squeers' "Do-the-boys-hall," or in Beadle Bumble's parish, where Oliver Twist had the unheard of temerity to ask for a second platter of pauper slush, flatteringly called soup.



Cave Life or Civilization

Civilized man is distinguished from the cave man by his habit of co-operation.

The cave man lived for and by himself; independent of others, but always in danger from natural laws.

To the extent that we assist one another, dividing up the tasks, we increase our capacity for production, and attain the advantages of civilization.

We may sometimes disregard our dependence on others. But suppose the farmer, for example, undertook to live strictly by his own efforts. He might eke out an existence, but it would not be a civilized existence nor would it satisfy him.

He needs better food and clothes and shelter and implements than he could provide unassisted. He requires a market for his surplus products, and the means of transportation and exchange.

He should not forget who makes his clothes, his shoes, his tools, his vehicles and his tableware, or who mines his metals, or who provides his pepper and salt, his books and papers, or who furnishes the ready means of transportation and exchange whereby his myriad wants are supplied.

Neither should he forget that the more he assists others the more they can assist him.

Take the telephone specialists of the Bell System: the more efficient they are, the more effectively the farmer and every other human factor of civilization can provide for their own needs and comforts.

Or take our government, entrusted with the task of regulating, controlling and protecting a hundred million people. It is to the advantage of everyone that the government shall be so efficient in its special task that all of us may perform our duties under the most favorable conditions. Interdependence means civilized existence.

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